

The Listener

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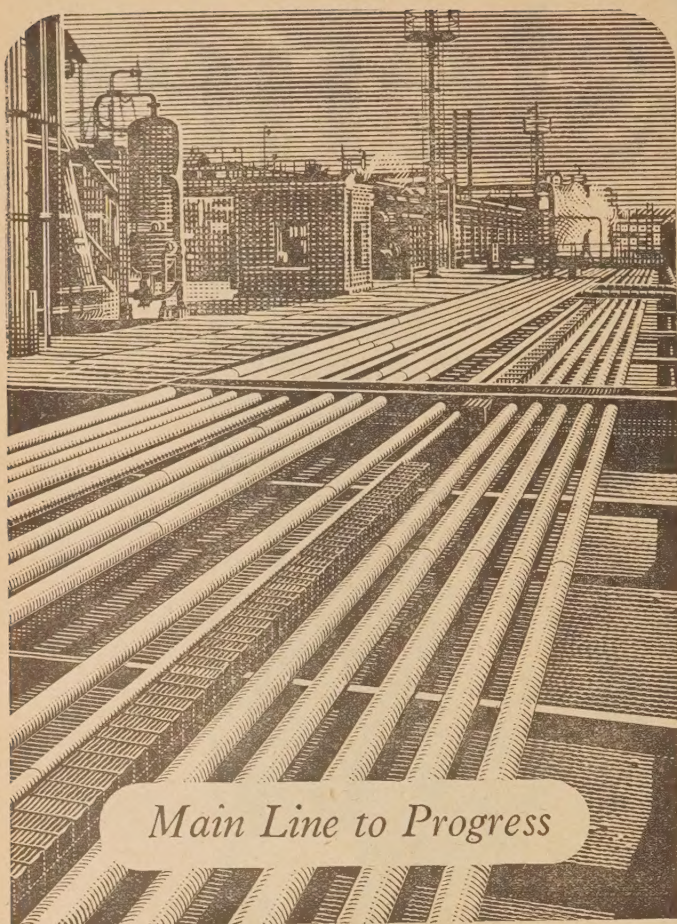
Ready for bank holiday: the roundabout

In this number:

The Germans and the European Army (Terence Prittie)

Conquering the Zuider Zee (Lionel Fleming)

The Giant Telescope at Mount Palomar (I. S. Bowen)



Main Line to Progress

THE traffic on these lines is non-stop, night and day—for these are oil lines in one of the four Anglo-Iranian refineries in the United Kingdom. By 1953, these four refineries will be producing at the rate of some eleven and a half million tons of petroleum products a year, nearly 40 per cent. of the country's total expected refinery capacity of thirty million tons.

The output from the group's eight overseas refineries is also being steadily and considerably increased, and plans are now progressing for the construction at Fremantle of another new refinery, which will be the largest in Australia.

For new sources of this vital mineral Anglo-Iranian is prospecting in this country itself, and in such varied regions as Nigeria, Sicily and Papua.

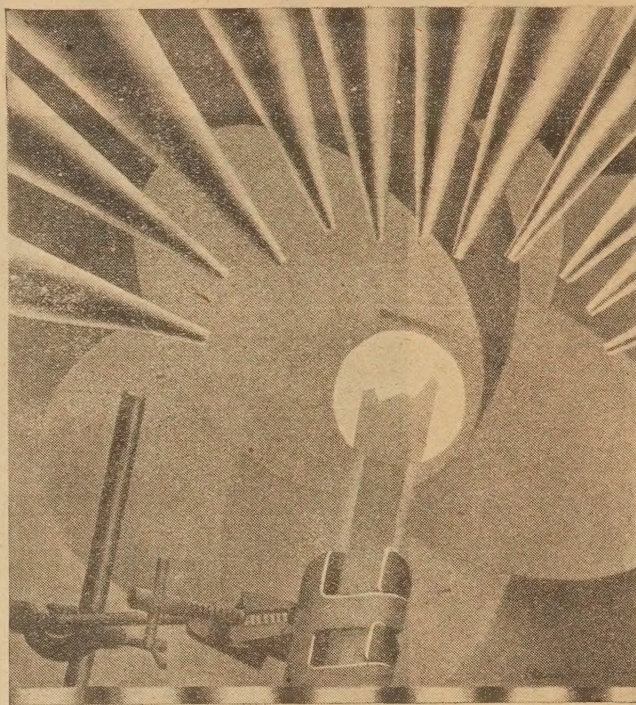
THE BP SHIELD IS THE SYMBOL OF



THE WORLD-WIDE ORGANISATION OF

Anglo-Iranian Oil Company
LIMITED

I.C.I. TECHNICAL SERVICE



THE chemical industry's ability to satisfy the needs of its customers at home and to succeed against competition abroad is determined largely by the efficiency of its technical service—that is, the expert advice and assistance it gives to those industries that use its products. The man who buys heavy chemicals is not persuaded to do so by high-pressure salesmanship or intensive advertising. He buys them because they are the necessary raw materials of his business, and he tends to go to a concern which not only enjoys a high reputation for quality but supports its products with technical service.

Technical service works in two ways. It confers obvious and direct advantages on the consumer, and the chemical industry also benefits. Out of the experience of its technical service are born new products, and new techniques, to improve efficiency in many trades. I.C.I. employs hundreds of qualified men in this specialist organisation, which covers nearly every branch of Industry and Agriculture at home and abroad and costs over £1,000,000 a year. Such an organisation can only be maintained by a large-scale enterprise. This series of announcements, citing examples from I.C.I.'s casebook, is intended to show the importance of its technical service to the efficiency of British industry and, therefore, to the wellbeing of the community.



The Listener

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The Planner and the Economic Crisis

By WILFRED BURNS

WHAT has the planner of our towns and countryside to do with the economic crisis? Is not he the one who always thinks in terms of the future rather than the present? Statesmen and economists, business men and trade union leaders are constantly talking of what should be done to beat the crisis and I want, now, to see where the town planner fits into the picture; this means in particular an examination of the relationship between short- and long-term planning.

The present crisis is only one of a number of crises through which this country has passed since the end of the war. It is outstanding only because of its severity. We have, therefore, to ask ourselves whether present conditions are temporary only—rather like an illness which, assuming co-operation from the patient, can be cured by treatment—or whether world conditions are such that present difficulties must be regarded as more or less permanent features of modern life. We know, of course, that the present defence programme will take at least four years to carry out, but we cannot assume that our burdens will be immediately lifted at the completion of this programme. Indeed, it would seem more reasonable to assume that the only noticeable effect of the completion of the present defence programme will simply be a slackening in the intensity of its own demands, and we will still have the task of increasing exports in order to raise our standards of living to the levels which we now deem desirable. The changes which have taken place over the past two decades have resulted in a new structure of society, which everyone now recognises, and new economic conditions, which few of us are willing to face up to. In any event, the effects of these new economic conditions are most difficult to assess, but the planner cannot proceed at all without attempting to do so; for the future conditions his work in the present.

From the planning point of view, the most obvious effect of these new economic conditions is the increased value to the community of our agricultural land. No longer can we afford to regard good agricultural land as an expendable commodity of little national value. This fact is accepted by planners, although the exact methods of saving agricultural land are by no means agreed. Some believe we should build houses at higher densities and that a proportion of flats should be a normal feature of new estates. Others believe that the area required exclusively for school playing-fields should be somewhat less than is now demanded. A secondary school for, say, 1,500 children requires the area of quite a large farm. Still others believe that if we take slightly more land out of general agricultural production and so give houses fairly large gardens, then the total production from the land will be increased, or at any rate not diminished; this principle was followed in the original New Towns. In other words, the aim is agreed but the methods are not.

The main effect of the new economic conditions, however, is the increased, and increasing, demand for buildings combined with the lack of labour and materials to satisfy this demand, and herein lies the planner's dilemma. At the present time capital investment is, in the main, restricted to the fields of housing, education, export or defence industry, and power. Capital investment in the fields of recreation, social activities, or consumer industry serving the home market is almost negligible.

Let us examine first of all what the effect of this is on industrial development. If a factory is producing goods mainly for the home market, it now has little or no chance of getting a building licence, unless it is fortunate enough to be located in an area where the building labour force is not overwhelmed with priority jobs. The solution

is to turn to unlicensed, temporary, prefabricated buildings which can be erected with very little labour. If, on the other hand, the factory is engaged on defence work, a building licence and an early starting date may be forthcoming, but, in my experience, the firm is often reluctant to invest capital in a permanent building when the defence programme is limited in time. Speed, too, is often of vital importance, and on both scores the temporary building seems to offer all the advantages. The first effect on industrial development is, therefore, the increasing importance of the temporary building.

How does this affect planning? Most of the increased production which will result from building operations will come from extensions, either temporary or permanent, to existing factories rather than from completely new projects. Where the existing factory is situated in an industrial zone this will be unimportant, but so many of our factories, and particularly the very small units, are badly sited and often are a nuisance to surrounding residential properties. Small factories on odd pieces of land that the builders could not use are features of all the older residential districts of our industrial towns. These small workshops are essential elements in our present industrial structure, and in Coventry, for example, many of our most highly skilled tradesmen are to be found in them; they are the feeders of the large factories, and only when production has been increased in these small units can the production from the large factories be stepped up. The defence programme is creating, therefore, an increasing demand for extensions to these factories and they are precisely the factories which the Local Planning Authorities would like to see removed altogether rather than extended.

How Many Years?

Now a planner, by the very nature of his training and outlook, is accustomed to looking ahead. His whole approach to any and every problem is: 'What is the effect of this likely to be in the future? Will it help to achieve or to retard the best development of this area?' Makeshift schemes are always eyed with suspicion, and he is always happiest when considering a proposal which is related to a long-term plan on the part of the developer. We are in the position today, however, where the planner is forced, by law, to prepare a plan for the future but where the private developer is most reluctant to plan ahead, and where, indeed, so many factors operate against him doing so. If private individuals cannot plan for more than a few years ahead, can the planner hope to produce a reasonable plan for the next twenty years, or should he also plan only for a short period—say the next five years? The period of fulfilment that should be assumed in drawing up a plan has always been a contentious point but the arguments are always as to whether one should plan for more than twenty years and never, as far as I know, as to whether one should plan for a period less than this. We must assume, therefore, that all planners have faith in the future and that they will always be striving towards achieving, by slow degrees, a long-term plan. In other words their aim is to achieve, over a long period of years, a pleasant, healthy environment in which to live and an economic distribution of work and social facilities; and changes in economic conditions then affect the plan only in so far as the realisation of it is speeded up or slowed down.

We now have a crisis, however, and unless present difficulties are solved we may never be in a position to realise the long-term aims. What is the planner to do? Should he relegate his long-term plans to the top shelves in his office, close his eyes to the visions of the future which have inspired him in all his previous work, and concentrate on trying to get the least obnoxious development rather than on trying to get the best; or should he consider present crisis conditions as being largely unconnected with his work and consider all development from the point of view of the long-term plan, leaving other people to fight the battle from the viewpoint of expediency?

If he adopts the first method the result is going to be that many badly sited industries will be extended, often in so-called temporary buildings, and the present unsatisfactory muddle of uses will be made worse. Now if the present crisis is something completely out of the ordinary, and we are going to be able to get back to ordinary conditions (whatever that may mean) when the crisis has passed, then no doubt we might be consoled by the belief that all this unfortunate development can be speedily removed and the main task of the planner, that of improving conditions for the present and future generations, resumed. Are we, over the next ten to twenty years, ever going to reach the position where the building labour force can satisfy all the demands for new buildings and, at the same time, tackle

substantial re-development schemes? Labour, materials, and capital that have been put into buildings such as these will have been lost altogether, and it is doubtful, to say the least, whether we can afford to waste our resources in this way. The more likely result is that these ill-conceived schemes will remain to plague us for a very long time and that they should, therefore, be considered, to all intents and purposes, to be permanent features of the environment.

If the second method is adopted—that of considering development in the light of the long-term plan and not of considering it from the point of view of present expediency, the planner may well have to put a brake—admittedly, he can apply only a very small brake—on the speed at which those more directly concerned with getting us out of our present difficulties wish to act. If the planner insists on the use of permanent materials for most of the new buildings, then he can be sure that increased production is not going to result for something like twelve months, and a lot can happen in the next twelve months. If he refuses to allow the extension of a badly sited factory to be undertaken, then increased production may never result because the particular industrialist may well decide that he cannot afford to build a new factory away from his existing one. Even if the matter is put into the hands of the Ministry of Housing and Local Government, by way of appeal, and it is decided that expediency overrules good planning, a delay of at least six months is likely. This second method may well result, therefore, in a setback to the nation's recovery or, at least, in a slowing up of the speed at which the crisis conditions will be obviated, and it certainly results in the generation of a good deal of heat by the unfortunate industrialist.

When considering industrial development, therefore, it would seem that the planner must always be wrong. If he allows bad development to proceed because such development is likely to help us to get out of our present difficulties, he will be blamed in the future for making conditions worse instead of better, and he will certainly be increasing the difficulties of future planners. If, on the other hand, he thinks in terms of the future, he is going to be blamed now, by industrialists in particular, for thwarting their eager intentions to produce more and to produce it efficiently. In the long run he might well be blamed

(continued on page 182)

Herbert Murrill: 1909–1952

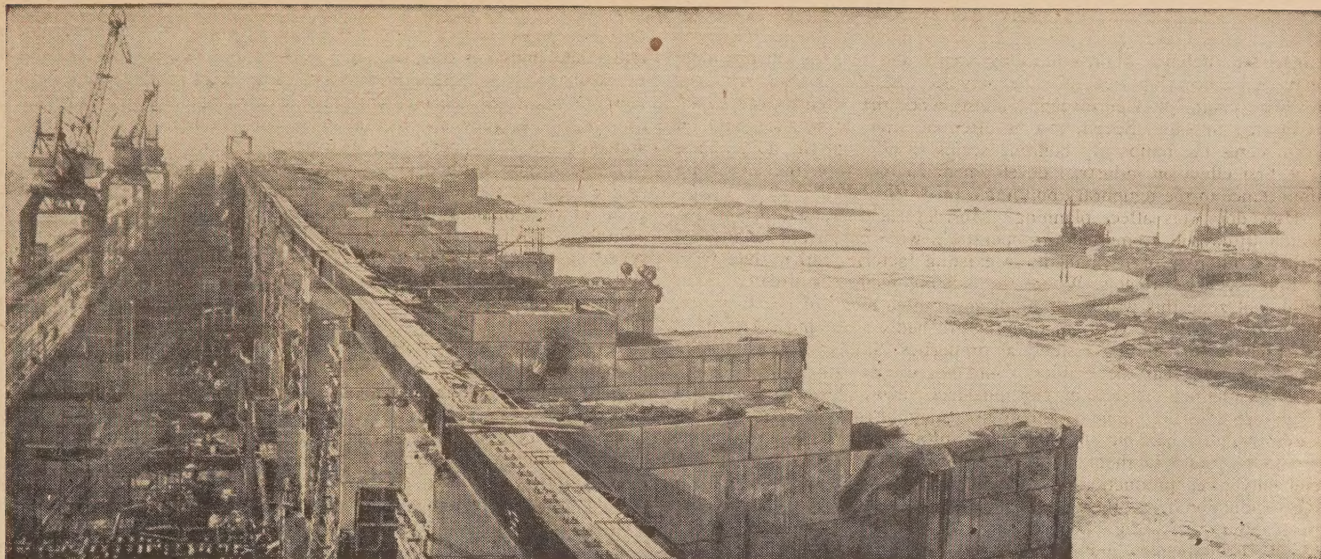
WE RECORD WITH DEEP REGRET the death on July 25 of Mr. Herbert Murrill, Head of Music, B.B.C. The following appreciation has been written by Mr. Eric Warr, Acting Head of Music:

'It was with grief and dismay that his colleagues in the B.B.C. and his wide circle of friends in the music profession learnt of Herbert Murrill's death last week. He had undergone a serious operation in January, but we believed that every week would bring nearer the time of his return. When he attended three meetings in June it seemed that that time had come, for he spoke with his customary precision—marked by the familiar vein of humour so dear to us all.

'His last public appearance was at the B.B.C. Choral Society dinner in June. To attend such a lengthy and formal function that included speeches to the many hundreds present must have been an ordeal, and was certainly a great show of courage in a sick man. Through the long months he was sustained and cheered by his gallant wife who understood the gravity of his illness.

'Herbert Murrill was a fastidious musician, attracted most by the qualities of form, taste, and economy. He preferred early Beethoven to late, and was more attuned to the eighteenth and foregoing centuries than to the nineteenth. He was unmoved by the Romantics. Post-Wagnerian and Twelve-Note music did not appeal to him. He was happiest with Palestrina, the Elizabethans, Bach, and with nearly all the music of France. However, he did not allow these preferences to influence radio programmes, though his comments on some music—terse and astringent—were always stimulating to his staff. In the administration of the Music Department, with its wide ramifications, Murrill's clear brain and rare power of concentration never faltered. Happily, the incessant work was eased by his cheerful acceptance of the burden of responsibility such work inevitably brings.

'Murrill was not only a skilful composer but a sound teacher of composition, a fortunate combination in one who believed passionately in British music. This belief was unshakeable. It is hard to believe that he is gone. We shall remember him'.



The Tsimlanskaya hydro-electric scheme: on the right is the reservoir filling with the waters of the Don

How the U.S.S.R. is Developing Central Asia

By S. M. MANTON

LAST summer I accepted an invitation to visit the Soviet Union to meet scientific colleagues and to see something of their work. We were a party of eighteen—scientists, doctors, and others. 'Where would you like to go, what would you like to see?' each of us was asked in Moscow, and then arrangements were made to meet our innumerable requests; one of them was a visit to central Asia.

From Moscow we flew to Tashkent—2,200 miles—passing over steppe and desert towards central Asia. The south Ukraine and much of the central Asian deserts are being transformed for the first time by irrigation and afforestation schemes, unprecedented in scale, which were started in 1948 and 1950. For hour after hour we looked down upon the beginnings of the changes which are destined to transform the dry and treeless steppe. Curious-looking black stripes divide farms, run for hundreds of miles along north to south watersheds, flank the rivers, and surround erosion scars. Each stripe consists of ploughed land twenty-five to sixty yards wide, and carries lines of seedling trees or planted seeds.

A quarter of a fifteen-year afforestation scheme has been already completed. Oak is used to initiate the steppe forests because its seedlings rapidly develop deep-root systems in dry soil, penetrating three to four feet when the leaves project only a few inches above ground. The first attempts to grow mixed species of trees were a failure, but twenty years of re-

search has established successful methods of cultivating trees under difficult conditions. I saw the methods now used both in the field and on experimental areas at the research stations. Where trees are grown the soil is damper and the air moister, snow is held up in winter, and desiccation by wind is mitigated. Tree-enclosed land from the Ukraine to Siberia yields higher crops than open land. Without an abundance of machinery it would be impossible to cultivate a forest, equal to Ireland in area, so rapidly. Seedlings are placed by hand in machines which do the planting; weeds are prevented from swamp-

ing the young trees by the cultivation of low-growing crops, such as rye and clover, between the rows of trees, each strip being tended by agricultural machinery of the appropriate width; the grading of acorns and preparation of the land for sowing is mechanised. This afforestation forms part of great projects now being realised for the irrigation of some 70,000,000 acres of drought-ridden steppe and desert in the south Ukraine and central Asia. The estimated yields from the watered regions are anticipated in a few years to feed 100,000,000 persons and to reach 8,000,000 tons of wheat, to include much sugar, 3,000,000 tons of cotton, rice, 2,000,000 head of cattle, and over four times that number of sheep.

For 1,000 miles we flew across the central Asian deserts, and then our plane circled over the huge oasis of Tashkent, with its built-up areas, parks, suburbs, and farm-



A kindergarten run by the Stalin textile mills at Tashkent

land, and everywhere we saw the sparkling, artificial irrigation channels which transform the inhospitable desert to a scene of abundant fertility. Tashkent is the largest city in Central Asia and the capital of the state of Uzbekistan.

Our first visit was to one of the parks, thronged with thousands of people enjoying the cool of a Sunday evening. A blaze of illuminations, fountains and flowers surrounded open-air theatres. A lake carried a flotilla of boats; and we went for a ride on the children's railway, which is a full-sized train connecting two stations in the park. Elsewhere, there was an exhibition of apprentice work and a lathe stood out in the open. The dark-haired, olive-skinned inhabitants gave us a great welcome, both in the park and later in the new Opera House, where a magnificent performance of 'Madam Butterfly' was being presented in the Uzbek language. This Opera House contains eight large halls besides the auditorium and other offices. It is decorated with hand carving on walls and ceilings. I have not seen a more beautiful building in any country. About the town advertisements for Othello caught the eye—Shakespeare is enormously popular in central Asia.

Progress in Education

In 1918, less than two per cent. of the central Asian races were literate. Many were nomads with no written language. The women were veiled. Medical services, modern industries, and technical training were absent. Now all the boys and girls go to school, where they learn two or three languages. The teaching is in Uzbek in most of the schools and in the universities of Tashkent and Samarkand, and I saw how technical training for industry as well as for medical and scientific work is provided. I visited modern factories, museums, and libraries, and galleries filled with modern work. The larger industrial concerns had attached to them a club house containing a theatre with 600 to 800 seats, a ballroom, dining room, library, reading rooms, and about forty separate rooms for ballet, musical instruments, the visual arts, and games. The provisions for children in the way of crèches and kindergartens here I found to be of just the same high standard as I had seen in Russia itself.

Great changes are taking place not only in the existing fields of Tashkent but also in the desert, as more of it comes under cultivation, changes which are due to the application of science to agriculture and to irrigation. The most important crop is cotton. Russia depends on Uzbekistan for seventy per cent. of her raw cotton, but I saw also modern cotton mills in Tashkent which are now supplying middle Asia with an abundance of cheap, excellent quality cotton materials, thick and thin, patterned and plain. Here in less than twenty years the yields of cotton per acre have increased three-fold as a result of the work of about forty scientists and 200 other workers in the cotton institute. The varieties which I saw growing have been created by hybridising the local cotton plants with those from Egypt and elsewhere. High-cropping, disease-resistant varieties suited to the region have been developed. Work was also in progress on the production of salt-resistant varieties by treating the seed before sowing. No change which is inherited can be produced in this way, but the method is proving useful where saline soils are being irrigated, and much of the desert is saline. Deep ploughing, machine spraying and picking has been made possible by mechanisation, and electric tractors and silt eliminators are used more and more.

A rapid increase in recent years in the herds of cattle and in livestock generally in Tashkent has been achieved by expansion of fodder crops, but I also saw plenty of work in progress concerning the improvement of the stocks of animals.

About twenty, or a third, of the full-time research zoologists of Tashkent greeted me; many were working in the field. Their laboratory of several floors was well laid out and had a sufficiency of equipment. I discussed the problems on hand with many of the Uzbek men and women in this institute. As in all warm climates fly problems are numerous and important. The measures taken against mosquitoes were so effective that in spite of the irrigation I saw not one mosquito, and did not use the nets with which I was provided. The gad-fly has also been satisfactorily dealt with. The present tempo of advancement in Uzbekistan is so rapid that the bulk of the zoological research on hand is applied in nature, although pure research is also carried on.

The Syr Darya and its tributaries, which water Tashkent and other desert oases, supports a heavy drain for irrigation, but nearly half of the water of the larger river, Amu Darya, will soon be diverted across the Asian deserts of Turkmenia. A dam across this river near its delta at the southern end of the Aral Sea is now being built. This will allow

the construction of nearly 700 miles of canal running from the river across the desert to the shores of the Caspian Sea. The construction of a further 700 miles of branch canals is also progressing to carry this water to about 20,000,000 acres of fertile desert near the main canal and Amu Darya delta. A project of this magnitude has not, until now, been attempted anywhere in the world. It is part of much wider schemes in European Russia where several immense new dams are either completed or under construction on the Dnieper, Don, and Volga for the purpose of irrigating the Ukrainian steppe and western Kazakhstan. For example, a canal 375 miles long is being made to carry water to an area of semi-desert the size of England, situated between the Volga and the Ural rivers.

I talked with geologists and zoologists who had just returned from work at an experimental base in the desert where 300 scientists were stationed in the summer of 1951. A railway line and a feed canal had already been built to this base. For two years intensive field work has preceded the actual building of desert dams and canals. In the deserts of Turkmenia and of Uzbekistan geologists have been finding underground streams of fresh water which can in places be deflected to the surface. Elsewhere there are saline sub-soil waters which must on no account be raised by seepage from canals to levels which would affect crops.

The central Asian deserts were at one time much less dry. Their archaeology shows them to have once supported dense populations, but rivers have disappeared, and the cutting down of trees has worsened conditions. A start was made last year in planting sand-fixing vegetation, and also windbreaks along part of the route of the Turkmenian canal and round the areas to be irrigated. The black saxaul, a tree cut down for firewood, grows without irrigation in the desert, and is this year being sown from seeds which were collected by last year's expeditions. I saw in Tashkent how well poplar grows round the cultivated land; it forms windbreaks everywhere. Similar tree belts are to cover a million and a quarter acres of desert near the canals, but unlike the steppe forests, they must be watered. With such protection, the small areas of irrigation in the Turkmenian desert now produce two crops of wheat a year and high yields of cotton, fruit, vegetables, and essential oils.

At present, the scanty desert vegetation is followed by flocks of karakul sheep throughout the year. The completion of the Turkmenian canal will water by flooding a much greater area than can be cultivated by irrigation.

An important aspect of the biological work now in progress concerns potential rodent and insect pests of the new areas to be cultivated, so that any enormous increase in pests, which may result from the altered balance of nature, can be dealt with immediately. My impression of the many lines of biological work in progress was that it will give the information required for the unprecedented development of the country and will greatly increase biological knowledge in general.

Mechanised Navvying

The realisation of projects of this kind, which in scale approach those of natural forces, is being carried out by mechanised navvying. About 4,000,000,000 cubic yards of earth are being shifted, in five to seven years—that is about sixteen times that required for building the Panama Canal; 25,000,000 cubic yards of concrete are being mixed, and hundreds of thousands of tons of metal sections and equipment are being used.

Natural building materials, found by the recent geological surveys of Turkmenia, are being transported to the sites not only of the dams but of the future towns which are growing up along the canals. The streets have been staked out and permanent buildings are going up, ready to receive the water when it comes in 1957, and immediately to house the workers on the dams and power stations. An abundance of machinery and equipment has been assembled at both ends of the canal, and Krasnovodsk, the sea port at the Caspian end of the canal, is now a rebuilt, beautiful city with an abundance of greenery, watered by tapping underground streams. Near the eastern end of the canal at its origin from the Amu Darya river another new town is growing, with workshops, technical and recreational buildings, as well as living houses.

Everywhere I went I was struck by the enthusiasm of people of many nations for the speedy advancement of their development schemes. And wherever I found work in progress, whether it was industrial or scientific, it was being advanced with the utmost care and speed. One cannot visit central Asia today and not be impressed by the tremendous advances that have taken place, and which are going forward at accelerated speed.—*From a talk in the Third Programme*

The Germans and the European Army

By TERENCE PRITTIE

AMONG the most unsightly features of the old German army were the *Kommiss-Stiefel*—the half-length 'regulation' jackboots which were fitted with little iron wedges on the inside of the heels and produced a sharp and unmusical click when their wearer snapped his feet together and saluted. That word *Kommiss* became identified in the average German soldier's mind with all that was least understandable and endurable about the German army. He ate 'regulation' bread, wore 'regulation' clothes, and even cultivated the expression *Kommiss-Geist*—'regulation morale'. Today that word is to him a reminder of the days when he was turned into high-class cannon-fodder and when final defeat brought his whole world down in ruins. A dozen Germans whose views I have asked on German participation in the European army have made almost exactly the same answer: 'We don't want the old *Kommiss* back—anything but that'.

No More Prussianised Sergeants

This state of mind is perfectly well realised by the Federal German Government and by its shadow Defence Ministry, headed at this moment by that most unmilitaristic trade unionist, Theodor Blank. Western Germany's leaders are aware of the instinctive popular aversion to the rigid routine of the old German army, to its tradition of blind, almost uncomprehending obedience, and to the rod-of-iron rule of its old-time N.C.O.s. 'There are not', Herr Blank has said repeatedly, 'going to be any more N.C.O.s of the type of Sergeant Himmelstoss'—referring to the fire-breathing character of Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*. The experts of his Ministry have been studying the 'team idea' as an alternative to rank-consciousness, absolute discipline. They have already decided that the German soldier of the future will drill as little as possible and will not wear uniform off duty. One of the worst trials of his predecessor's existence was to spend a great deal of his nominally free time saluting his superiors. Herr Blank believes that the German contingents in the European army must be very different from the old, Prussianised 'model' armies which became pressure-groups within the state. Officers and men are to be treated primarily as citizens and should behave as such. The days are over when officers could belabour policemen with the flats of their swords and private soldiers were expected to be automata who shouted at the tops of their voices in order to show that they had understood their orders.

On the subject of German participation in the European army Herr Blank's Ministry was given some valuable pointers a few months ago by a former officer of the German General Staff, Major Adelbert Weinstein, who published a little book called *Army Without Pathos*. The object of this book was to show that a new German army must be new in a great many ways. First of all, it must be animated by a new ideal and not by the mere idea of service to the state—possibly to the detriment of the rest of mankind. We must, Weinstein wrote, make German rearmament the starting point of a new epoch. It should not be designed solely to plug a gap in the lines of western defence, far less to give new impetus to the old idea of German predominance in central Europe. Weinstein visualised the mobilisation of 'the new Prussians' who would take up again Prussia's historic role of defending Europe's eastern frontier, but in a spirit of co-operation with other European nations and in the solid desire to maintain peace. One of his former army friends, Major Helfer, put this idea in different but equally intelligible language. The German soldier, and indeed every German citizen, should not base his thoughts and actions on abstractions like 'a united Fatherland', 'a new epoch', 'western civilisation'. These were all very well in their way, but the main impulse behind him should be his belief in the actuality of the freedom of western life. He should serve this belief, defend it, live it.

I asked one leading member of Herr Blank's Ministry whether he thought that the European army gave Germans the best chance of realising this sort of ideal. He thought it did, and for the following reasons. There has been a complete break of seven years in German military history. This break will produce plenty of problems, at least one of which is temporarily insoluble. Arms manufacture has been

suspended, armaments industries dismantled, and it will take Germany five years to produce tanks—if she were given permission to do so tomorrow. But the seven years' break has meant that the young German of today need suffer from none of the complexes which afflicted countrymen who saw service in the last war, the identification of the armed forces with Nazi ideology. The seven years' break has done much to rub out the past and make service to a new ideal possible. The intentions behind the European army—consolidation of the free western world and readiness to defend it—do provide such an ideal.

In the second place, Germans realise, for practical as well as moral reasons, that a purely national army cannot guarantee peace in Europe. This realisation has been best expressed by a leader-writer of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, Paul Sethe, in an article examining past failures of German foreign policy. 'We can no longer believe', he wrote, 'that Germany suffered defeat because a Bethmann-Hollweg was too indeterminate, or because the younger Moltke had a diseased liver. And we should understand—better than did Holstein in his day or the credulous members of the Hitler Youth in theirs—that Germany's objective cannot be to become a world-power but to take her place in the second row, in fact among those European countries with whom she can help revitalise the ideals of freedom and justice'. The Germans, indeed, know that there are only two world powers today, Russia and the United States. The British Empire could be regarded as a third. But it is quite sure that the dreams of Kaiser Wilhelm and Adolf Hitler have been proved unreal fantasies. The alternative before the western Germans are therefore full co-operation with the west or neutralisation between western Europe and the Soviet Union. Inevitably, participation in the European army offers attractions to many Germans who seek security as well as a vision.

There is a third, less easily defined, reason why—when the time comes—a majority of Germans will probably accept the European army plan. Dr. Adenauer's Government is reasonably popular, but it is making a first essay in the practice of western democracy. It can hardly instil great confidence or enthusiasm among the politically untutored German people. The form of a federal state suggests an absence of strength and purpose, and some of the government's critics are apt to refer to it as 'a collection of old Father Christmases'. Lack of founded belief in their own political self-sufficiency has turned the minds of many Germans towards the ideal of European political unity. Dr. Adenauer and his supporters have been quick to stress the need to develop European institutions as a means of promoting European unity. The European army could well be one of these.

Opponents of Rearmament

Naturally, there are plenty of opponents to the idea of participation in that army. Ex-General Blumentritt, once commander of the German 21st Army, lists them in three groups. There are the young Germans who were not of military age during the last war and who have been brought up to believe that militarism is the devil, that there is a demon's tail under every army tunic. These young people must now try to work out why the western world wants them to be soldiers. Then there are the ex-soldiers of all ranks, embittered by defeat, by imprisonment, and by their scurvy treatment since the war in the way of pensions and jobs. Another ex-general, Theodor Busse, has pointed out that the debunking of German militarism was carried one dangerous stage too far. 'Love of the Fatherland', he has written, 'self-denial, normal soldierly discipline, the oath to the flag, even patriotism—all these things were turned into jokes, and by Germans most of all'. The third group opposing rearmament, according to Blumentritt, is the apathetic. The *ohne mich* mentality has certainly lost ground since the west-German state has had to develop self-reliance and responsibility. But it still exists. One special reason for it is the fear that, in the event of war, Germany will in any case become the main battlefield and the Red Army will not be halted east of the Rhine. Understandably, German wives and mothers will take a tug at their menfolk's coat-tails if they think a half-hour stroll might take them into the recruiting office. How much easier to

stand aside and let the east and the west make it up or fight it out, whichever they choose!

Blumentritt's three classes oppose rearmament by instinct rather than by a reasoned process of thought. Perhaps their worst dread is that Germans will be used as gladiators by both east and west. They have practical objections, too. How is the German army to be financed without crippling the German economy? How is it to be organised without reproducing the old-time robot machine? How is it to be linked with the defence forces of the other western nations? All these questions are being aired and explored with mixed interest and apprehension.

Most of the answers are locked up in Herr Blank's shadow Defence Ministry; but, after more than a year of Trappist silence, this office has begun to publish some unvarnished truths and express some reasoned opinions. Briefly, the organisation of the German contingents for the European army will begin as soon as the Bonn and Paris agreements are ratified—say, in December. The first year will be spent in producing officers, N.C.O.s, and 'specialist' cadres and training-schools, and in arming and equipping—but not training—the 430,000 men who will comprise the German standing army. The training of all these men will take another year, giving this picture two years after ratification: there will be an army of 330,000 men, an air force of 85,000, and another 15,000 will serve in coastal-defence units using light naval craft. There will be twelve divisions on a war footing, each of around 13,000 men, and there will be around 400 first-line aircraft. Roughly twenty per cent. of the members of the armed forces will be regulars. One quarter of them, or 25,000, will be officers, the rest N.C.O.s, and there will be a smaller number of specialists serving 'long-term' from three to eight years. Some details have not yet been fixed, but it is sure that conscription will be introduced and that the usual length of service will be at least one-and-a-half and possibly two years.

How will the Defence Ministry find the necessary men and the right men, and weld them into a modern, democratic army? The age-group which will have to produce the initial intake of conscripts will probably be from eighteen to twenty-one. After that Herr Blank reckons that he needs 200,000 out of the 315,000 that reach military age each year. Conscription can, in fact, be 'selective'. It is not felt that young Germans will oppose or shirk it. Herr Blank maintains that the young are showing a lively interest in the European army plan, that although objections are voiced, there is little sign of the more dangerous apathy; that any sort of organised resistance can come only from the west-German Communist Party. Conscientious objectors will be treated as they are in other European countries.

Finding N.C.O.s, officers, and commanders will be more difficult. Herr Blank has said that he will obviously have to draw on ex-regulars but that every effort will be made to choose only men who are 'politically reliable'. His officials have been probing the possibilities in all parts of western Germany and believe that enough volunteers will

come forward. But there is a possibility of deliberate communist or radical right-wing infiltration and Herr Blank, or his successor, will be glad when the new German army is in a position to train and commission its own officers and not draw any further on war veterans. Some officers may be drafted in from the newly formed Frontier Police. By Christmas this force could supply, perhaps, 250. Another task will be the selection of generals for the twelve divisions and for 'European Staff' jobs. There is not yet a 'short list' of candidates. The names of such men as Von Manteuffel, Cruwell, and Wenck have been bandied about, chiefly because all three have friends in Bonn and are sometimes seen there. But Herr Blank is 'keeping an eye' on likely candidates, who may include such men as Count Schwerin, Blumentritt, Busse, Westphal, and Gyldenfeldt—men around or under sixty years of age with clean political records. In addition, ex-generals Speidel and Heusinger have both worked in Herr Blank's office. Perhaps the sternest test of the new commanders will be on the score of physical fitness, for they will all be ageing men.

The principles on which the new army will be organised have, in fact, been settled. The questions of equipping and financing it have not. All heavy arms must come from America and payment will presumably be regulated between America and the European Defence Community. Other costs will fall on the German taxpayer, and the Federal Minister for Economics believes they can and will be met. German fear of Russian aggression will be an operative factor in determining the balance struck between the costs of defence and of the social services. Recent Soviet actions in Berlin and on the international frontier have increased that fear. The difficulties of securing real German co-operation with other partners in western defence are not as great as sometimes imagined. They boil down to the business of achieving full Franco-German understanding and the German Government really wants this.

Germans, indeed, see only one other serious obstacle in the way at present—the question of war criminals. The facts of this question are too well known to require outlining, but at least three points about it are relevant. Until there is clear evidence that the west intends making concessions in this matter it will be relatively more difficult to find the most suitable Germans in order to build up the 100,000-men-strong core of regulars. Until some distinction is drawn between soldiers who carried out orders—however unpleasant—and the thugs of the Gestapo, Germans will think a slur has been cast on the military profession. Until Allied views have been redefined, the Federal Parliament will hesitate before ratifying the European Defence Agreement. And until that Agreement is ratified the average German will continue to suffer the complexes of the man in the dentist's waiting-room. That man usually braves the potential horror of the dentist's drill, but sometimes he picks up hat and coat and steals away to endure his lonely toothache. There is still a chance that the German may react in the same way to the operation of being rearmed.—*Third Programme*

The Bonn and Paris Agreements—II

Building the European Community

By PAUL BAREAU

THE next few months are going to be decisive in shaping the western community. Commentators are, I know, inclined to be too dramatic in sizing up current events; they are too ready to announce that the nations stand at great historical cross-roads. But having admitted this I remain quite unrepentant in saying that this time it really is a major cross-road that lies just before us. The main purpose of our policy is to build a strong and a solvent community in western Europe. We should know instinctively and by every process of logical reasoning that this community will be neither strong nor solvent unless Germany, or at least western Germany, can be associated with it.

A great deal of hard, constructive preparatory work has been done on this problem. Most of that work has crystallised in two documents which western Europe must now accept or reject. The first of these is the Bonn Agreement, which sets out the terms on which western Germany will again become an independent nation, leave behind the occupation statute, and re-acquire the status which will allow it to be a free and equal partner in the west-European community. The

second is the Treaty of Paris which sets up the European Defence Community. This is the military cornerstone of the strong edifice we are trying to build in western Europe—not only because union makes strength, but because it is through the creation of this army that we can best secure and guarantee the continuance of American help in the defence of western Europe.

These two documents are interdependent. The grant of real autonomy to Germany will never be completely and willingly given unless there is some guarantee that Germany's resurgence will be contained within the framework of a European force. And, at the same time, it should be quite evident that this European defence force will be a hollow shell unless western Germany is part of it. Yet Germany will not be a participant unless it is assured effective equality—unless, in other words, the Bonn Agreement is applied in its full force. There you have the criss-cross pattern, the complete interdependence of these two documents—the two documents which between them hold the hopes of a strong, free, and solvent western Europe. I am hardly exaggerating when I claim that the few months ahead during which

the parliaments of western Europe will be called upon to ratify or reject these arrangements are going to prove a very fateful period.

It seems to me that two ideas will dominate the debate on these arrangements and will go a long way to determine its outcome. The first is the German desire for unity—for welding together the two parts into which their country is divided. The second is the French desire for security, for protection against a resurgent Germany. The German desire for unity is surely a basic instinct. We must see to it that it is mobilised on our side—that the enemy of reunion between eastern and western Germany is shown to be Soviet Russia, or rather the intolerable conditions on which the Russians insist before allowing the two halves to be rejoined. But that is not proven yet; it must and it can be proved, but only as a result of the four-power talks which the Russians have proposed, which the three western allies have accepted in principle, and which Germany passionately desires.

French Hesitation

As for the French desire for security, it is equally basic and instinctive. It explains every symptom of French hesitation about tolerating German rearmament. It is responsible for M. Schuman's bold initiative in proposing immediate talks on European political federation. A federal Europe would provide a much safer framework for a German army than would a mere defence community. These are the feelings, instincts, aspirations which must somehow be reconciled if the job of creating the community of western Europe is to be successfully completed.

These appear to be essentially political and emotional issues. But they also involve economic problems. Try as you will, in these days, you can unfortunately never get rid of economics. The fundamental project, as I have already said, is to build a strong and a solvent western community. This solvency will, let us hope, be secured without continuous aid from the United States. The kind of world in which this true solvency can be attained must be created as much by United States economic and fiscal policy as by Europe itself. On this score, I think we can take some reassurance from recent events in the United States and particularly at Chicago, events which suggest that isolationism, whether political or economic, is a lost and dead cause in that country.

But it is certainly not for us in Europe to preach to the United States on this issue. There are many shortcomings to be remedied here, many problems to be solved by our own exertions before we can ask the Americans what they propose to do to ensure this solvency of western Europe.

First, there is the problem of the biggest of all economic barriers in Europe, that of the Iron Curtain. It is no less disastrous in the economic than in the political sphere. The removal or, at least, the shifting of that barrier is the economic counterpart to the political argument for uniting Germany. The pre-war balance of the German and, indeed, of the whole European economy depended to some extent on the exchange of the manufactured goods of the west against the foodstuffs and materials of those regions that now lie east of the curtain. We must not exaggerate the importance of this east-west trade. For western Europe this trade with the regions east of the Curtain was before the war considerably less than half the trade it transacted with the rest of the world. Even so, east-west trade was a marginal item of great importance and its strangulation is hard felt at a time when the world is getting glutted with manufactured goods and is direly in need of foodstuffs. The contraction of this traditional and balanced trade between east and west Europe is in part responsible for the emergence and persistence of the dollar gap in the world.

Germany a Creditor Nation

If the obstacle of this curtain is to remain, some profound thought will have to be given to the economic problems of western Germany. At the moment, its industries are working at full tilt and profitably. Germany, which little more than a year ago could hardly make ends meet and was one of the principal debtors in the European Payments Union, has recently become one of the biggest and most persistent creditors. But that is partly the product of an abnormal situation—the amount of money which is being poured into Germany by the occupying powers, particularly the United States, the enormous leeway that still has to be made up in rebuilding the shattered industries of

western Germany and, last but not least, the rearmament boom throughout the world which has created an exceptional demand for Germany's engineering products. If western Germany is to integrate into an Atlantic community some shift will have to take place in the traditional pattern of its trade. There should be no insuperable difficulty in providing scope and permanent markets for German industry even if western Germany is cut off from its east-European markets—but this is not a problem that can be lightly dismissed.

One contribution to the short-term solution of that problem will be made when western Germany bears its appropriate share of the cost of defending western Europe. At a time when the former allied powers are devoting a substantial part of their engineering industries to armaments it is galling, to say the least, to find that traditional markets of theirs are being invaded by Germany, whose industry at the moment makes no guns but can concentrate on 'butter and exports'. We in Britain are becoming increasingly aware of this German competition. Let us have competition, by all means, but let it be fair. It is not fair when virtually no German is under arms, no taxes have to be paid in Germany for defence, and no appreciable volume of resources is being diverted to defence. In those conditions, the engineering industry of western Germany can pour out steel and machinery to capture markets which others have to forsake—and to forsake in order to defend Germany. The more equal sharing of the economic burden of the common defence of western Europe is one of the most important facets of this problem of integrating Germany into the European community.

There are many other economic aspects of this wider problem. We have to reinforce the admirable work done under the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation—O.E.E.C., for short—in inculcating the habit of collaboration among European countries. The Schuman Plan, the European Payments Union, the work done to establish an electric grid in Europe under which Britain will be able to tap the hydro-electric power of the Alpine stations—all these are symptoms of the immense progress that has been made in the direction of integration, a much-abused word but one which covers a multitude of achievements. The cause of economic co-ordination will go forward. The work of N.A.T.O. and of E.D.C. will bristle with economic questions.

Do not assume that in answering these questions Britain will be on the touch-lines. It is significant that Mr. Eden should have accepted the chairmanship of O.E.E.C. and that he should have proposed at Strasbourg that the Schuman Plan and O.E.E.C. be associated with the Council of Europe. Here is an example of the functional approach to the problem of genuine federation in Europe which the French Government would like to see achieved almost at one political bound. For my part, I believe that the little-by-little, one-step-at-a-time technique will get there more surely than the flamboyant, rushing tactics of which the French, in particular, are so fond.

Making a Strong, Solvent Europe

These economic issues are, indeed, part of the immense problem of creating a strong and solvent Europe. But they are incidental to the essentially political decisions that will have to be taken in the near future—the decisions on uniting Germany and ratifying the agreements to form a European Defence Community. The apprehensions of France about the rearming of Germany may be less keen now that we know that Senator Taft is not a potential President of the United States, with General MacArthur and ex-President Hoover as inspirers of American foreign policy.

As for the unification and rearming of Germany it is quite obvious that the strongest, most vitally interested party in these related matters is Germany itself. Germany wants unity—but not at any price. We in the west want German unity, but on condition that this unity is attained on the basis of free elections. Why then dither about the four-power talks on the unification of Germany? The three western allied powers ought never to have allowed the initiative in demanding such talks to come from the Russian side. We have everything to gain by them. We know that every condition we shall insist upon will have the support of the vast majority of Germans. If any one needs proof of this he will find it in the fact that for every refugee who travels eastward across the curtain, 10,000 travel west. Why then hesitate? Let us demand talks on the unification of Germany, let us mobilise on our side the heartfelt and just desire of every patriotic German to see his country reunited.—*European Service*

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Their Partnership

WITH glory in the sky and hideous bestiality on the earth, two socialists came to a working compact. It was thus in the streets of Glasgow in 1890 that the lifelong partnership of Beatrice and Sidney Webb began. In the last of his four broadcast talks, 'Portraits from Memory', Lord Russell recalls that partnership, once so famous and so fruitful, the memory of which is now beginning to fade. Not that the disciples of the Webbs have any cause for misgiving, for if the Webbs wanted a monument, the Welfare State in which we live furnishes it. And memory at best is often a treacherous instrument. So too is autobiography. Yet autobiography usually offers a guide to the character of the author, and in three books which have so far appeared Beatrice Webb has bestowed on posterity a full—or maybe not quite full—documentation of the partnership. For she kept her diaries with the avidity of a schoolgirl without blue stockings and with a lack of reticence made sharply enjoyable by the knowledge that one day they would be published.

The courtship, one likes to think, was not quite as grim as the passage from Beatrice Webb's *My Apprenticeship*, quoted above, would indicate. Afterwards Sidney read Keats and Rossetti to his future wife in Epping Forest. But part of the courtship was occupied in interviewing plumbers in Newcastle. Once married, with some modest private means and useful social connections to support them, they mapped out their programme of research to brighten the lot of the underdog. 'We are both second-rate minds', wrote Beatrice Webb, 'but we are curiously combined. I am the investigator and he the executant'. To pursue her cause she found her sex of value: 'I could insinuate myself into smoking-rooms, business offices, private conferences, without rousing suspicion'. Webb, afterwards Lord Passfield, was masterly on paper and in committee though poor on the public platform and in the House of Commons. They employed assistants to dig out the facts for them and then shuffled the facts about until the right pattern emerged. Their enemies said that if their staff found the wrong set of facts they sent them back again to find others. In any case, their researchers were expendable. They had no use for any one who was not prepared to serve the Cause for four pounds a week.

It is slightly ironical that they did not have much faith in the common man to whose welfare they dedicated themselves. Like many socialist intellectuals they distrusted and were often distrusted by the trade union movement of which they were the accredited historians. 'The Trade Union Movement', wrote Mrs. Webb in her diary, 'has become, like the hereditary peerage, an avenue to political power through which stupid untrained persons may pass up to the highest office if only they have secured the suffrages of the members of a large union. One wonders what able rascals will discover this open door to remunerative power'. The first Labour leader of the Opposition she described as a man without wit, fervour or intellect, who had pushed his way up. Doubtful about parliamentary democracy, as they were, it was not surprising that the Webbs in their later years embraced the Russian system with enthusiasm; any more than that Bernard Shaw fell for Mussolini. Permeation and gradualness, the methods of these early Fabians, had their weaknesses just as much as trade-union democracy. But the Webbs were redoubtable figures who helped to change the climate of opinion by argument and not by claptrap. And maybe they were more human than we think—as Lord Russell suggests. After Sidney died, his wife wrote: 'The days of his absence are weary to get through; and the sleepless hours of the night are haunted, not by the fear of death, but by the dread of life without him'.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Egypt and Persia

THE SITUATION IN EGYPT AND PERSIA was the main subject for commentators last week. In a broadcast to the Egyptian people on July 26, shortly after the announcement of King Farouk's abdication, General Naguib stated: 'I realise that you may be overjoyed at this news, but I appeal to you to remain completely calm'. After the news of the *coup d'état*, but before the news of the abdication, the *Hindustan Times* had been quoted from India for the view that King Farouk would perhaps be doing a service to his people if he accepted the role of a constitutional monarch and left politics to the people's chosen leaders. On the *coup d'état* itself, the newspaper was quoted as commenting:

The proclaimed object of the Army's action may sound patriotic, but certainly the method employed does violence to all canons of civilised government and reduces Egypt to the status of a backward mediaeval state.

From Syria, the nationalist paper *Al-Ayam* was quoted as saying:

The action carried out by the Egyptian Army is a natural consequence of the blow which struck the Arabs following the Palestine defeat.

From Israel, the paper *Davar* was quoted as saying that it was important to realise that the political crises in both Egypt and Persia are not the result of mass popular movements, but of the intrigues of individual politicians. Western commentators stressed the dangers arising from instability in the Middle East—an area so important to the defence of the free world. Particular anxiety was expressed in regard to events in Persia. As the French conservative *Le Monde* was quoted as saying:

It has now been proved that the real master of Persia is the mob. But there is no doubt that the true victors are the extremists of the Tudeh Party, which provided the mob with its cadres and its anti-monarchist slogans, and which casts across Iran the lurid glow of revolution.

In the view of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, quoted from Australia, in both Persia and Egypt the forces of extreme nationalism were in the ascendant, thus creating an indirect triumph for the Kremlin. It added:

Russia's policy of backing the right-wing nationalist movements in the Middle East and mobilising the Conservative Islamic hierarchy against the west is paying handsome dividends. Halting of the four-power plan for joining together Middle Eastern States in a regional defence alliance has been the cardinal aim of Moscow diplomacy and propaganda. And that aim is now in a fair way to being realised.

And from Canada, the *Montreal Gazette* was quoted as commenting:

Iran's bankrupt economy tumbles further into the pit with each day that passes. The west, whose every offer has been spurned, looks on with deep misgivings; for, quite apart from Iran's proud past and present value as an oil-producing state, the huge paw of the Russian bear overshadows the whole pitiful scene.

Broadcasts from the communist world revealed divided views on Mossadeq. Thus, while a Prague broadcast stated that the Persian people had spontaneously demanded that Mossadeq resume his role as Premier, a Deutschlandsender broadcast quoted the *National Zeitung* as saying that the national liberation movement was 'becoming more than a match for the Shah, the Mossadeqs and the Saltanehs, and threatens to put an end to their trafficking with the British and their haggling with the Americans'. This newspaper also hailed the 'sweeping away by the people's protest of the Saltaneh Government subservient to Britain and the U.S.A. Qavam-al-Saltaneh, it said, had been set the task of taking terroristic measures against the country's patriotic forces and of putting into effect the 'treacherous' policy of the Shah who was intent on securing Persia's oil for the Anglo-American profiteers. Qavam-al-Saltaneh's fall was hailed in similar language by Prague radio, which described it as 'one of the most spectacular United Front actions since the mass movement against British imperialism last year'. Both this broadcast and an article quoted from *Neues Deutschland* made the point that the Persian people had shown the world that no 'imperialist-dominated' government could stay in power even for a short time against the will of the people. And the German newspaper pointed to the Persian people as an example to the people of west Berlin:

Where would be the General War Treaty, the Works Council Law and the American flunkey Adenauer, if the population of western Berlin, headed by the six and a half million workers, organised in the trade unions, should rise in unison?

Did You Hear That?

ELECTRONIC BRAINS FOR THE TELEPHONE

THE RESEARCH STATION of the General Post Office has been experimenting in working telephone exchanges entirely by electronic rules. VALENTINE SELSEY went to the exchange at Richmond, Surrey, where electronic switching equipment, the first of its kind in the world, is being tried out as an alternative to the present type of electro-mechanical switch. Reporting on his visit in 'Radio Newsreel' he said, 'There are six of these new electronic switches at the Richmond telephone exchange, and they represent the brains of the exchange. Six panels of neat little tubes or valves are set out in rows of ten. Every so often the tubes light up, flicker for a second, and go out again. That is when the caller is dialling his number. For each letter representing the exchange and each number representing the telephone receiving the call has its appropriate tube or valve, very similar in appearance to the valve of a normal radio set.'

'The six switches are wired up to the letters K and L. This means that when someone at Richmond wants to speak to a friend on the Kingston or Kensington, Liberty or London Wall exchanges, to take just four of the many exchanges beginning with the letters K and L, he can do so. What he does not know is that he is getting his number through the electronic switch.'

'In recent years electronic devices have become more and more commonplace, and it was suggested that this type of equipment could be designed to do the same work as the electro-magnetic switch. What had to be found was something which would replace the old equipment up to the moment when the selector took over. The valves used are known as cold-cathode tubes—cold because they do not have to have a filament or heater supplied constantly with power. Inside the tubes is a gas which lights up when the electronic pulse reaches it. This generates yet another electronic impulse which through more valves and wires links up to the selector, which then does the same job as it normally does, by the old mechanical method'.

NYPHS ON THE WATER

'If you have been walking lately by a river or canal I expect you have seen a sudden glitter of brilliant colours and thought "the dragonflies are about again"', said CYNTHIA LONGFIELD in a talk in the Home Service. 'You will probably see damselflies, they are all flying now, but only some of the big dragonflies are about yet.'

'You can distinguish dragonflies from damselflies quite easily. Damselflies are usually smaller and slimmer anyway, but the scientific differences are that damselflies have all four wings the same shape and they hold their wings vertically. The larger and stouter dragonflies hold their wings horizontally and the forewings are a different shape from the hindwings. They are different, too, in the larval stage—they are called nymphs then. All the dragonflies and damselfies spend one, two, or occasionally more years as nymphs in our lakes, ponds, rivers, or canals. That means they have had to adapt themselves to live under water; they have tracheal gills for breathing, which use air-tubes to extract the air from the water, instead of from the blood, as in fishes. The damselflies have solved the problem by developing three, leaf-like gills at the end of the body. They very economically do not only use them for breathing: they swing them

from side to side and scull themselves along in the water. Dragonflies do not have these leaf-like gills. They breathe with layers of gill plates inside their bodies, in the hind gut. These gills extract oxygen from water drawn in through the anal opening, and all you can see from outside is a group of short, pointed appendages at the tip of the abdomen which act as strainers for the water drawn in. Dragonfly nymphs move through the water on the "jet" principle. They expel the water violently from the anus, when they have extracted the oxygen for breathing, and shoot themselves forcibly forwards.

'It is easier to believe that the nymph of a damselfly is going to become a beautiful creature than that a dragonfly will. The damselfly nymph is a slender green or brown creature between three-quarters of an inch and one and three-quarter inches long, while dragonfly nymphs are ugly, "armour-plated" looking beasts, of a dark grey or brown colour, often encrusted with algae or mud, and either lying on the bottom or clinging to sticks or reeds. They eat almost anything they are capable of mastering. Both kinds of dragonfly nymphs are carnivorous and they capture their prey by means of an amazing adaptation of the lower lip. It is called the mask, and it folds beneath the face and body when it is not in use. It is controlled by powerful muscles and can be shot out to impale the victim on the end of stout hooks and to drag it back to the mouth to be devoured.

'The nymphs shed their hard, outer skin in a series of moults, and as they grow and moult you can see the structures of the dragonfly developing, especially the wings, which form outside in sheaths. When it is fully grown the nymph climbs out of the water—up a reed stem or on to the bank—the dried skin splits open, and out climbs the soft, pale dragonfly. If it is a warm day the wings and body expand and harden quickly, but the splendid blues, greens, and reds may take hours or even days to develop. During this time the dragonfly hides among the nearest trees or bushes and only returns to the waterside when it is fully mature and ready to mate'.



Damselfly *Agrion Virgo*. Below: left, Damselfly nymph; right, dragonfly nymph

SAILING ROUND THE WORLD ALONE

'Old Joshua Slocum was the first man to sail around the world alone, and he did that in a little thing called the *Spray*, before the turn of the century', said ALAN VILLIERS, in a talk in the General Overseas Service. 'Since his time, literally hundreds have tried the same thing, and a surprising number have succeeded. Voss, old Harry Pidgeon, Fred Rebell with his sixteen-foot skiff, Alain Gerbault, Dwight Long in the *Idle Hour*, Robinson in the curiously named *Svaap*, the Norwegian, Erling Tambs, in the cutter *Teddy*, an old Kentishman, who called himself Francis Drake, with a home-made bit of a thing that he called the *Pilgrim*. That numbers only a few of them—the better-known ones, perhaps.

'I have seen a good many lone mariners, one place or another. I remember calling in at Tahiti, with the *Joseph Conrad* when I was on the way round the world myself. (She was a full-rigged ship, and I was not alone!) There were seven or eight midget circum-navigators tied up along the Papeete waterfront. One of them was a retired schoolmaster who had come down from California in a 'bit of a thing about twenty-four feet long, that I would have hesitated to take across the Isis at Oxford. Then I remember another couple



of fellows who were sailing a yacht round the world. I met them in Samoa. I went aboard their yacht—she was, I think, the late Sir Thomas Lipton's first *Shamrock*—and there were the two of them, industriously licking stamps for their lives, and sticking them on a great pile of envelopes that they took out of a sack. The little saloon in the yacht was full of such sacks of addressed envelopes—bags and bags of them. The two young fellows said they had been licking stamps for days. Indeed, they were making their way round the world like that—licking stamps. It seemed they had hit upon the idea of paying for their voyage by getting some magazine to combine with a philatelic club in Copenhagen to put up the money. They wrote articles for the magazine and the philatelists subscribed a lump sum apiece to have addressed envelopes sent back to them with the stamps of every place the yacht called at.

But Harry Pidgeon, at eighty-two, is certainly the doyen of the midget circumnavigators. He has sailed a small yacht round the world twice, and another one half-way round, and now the old boy is off again. I was aboard his new yacht, which he calls the *Lakemba*, in San Pedro harbour a few months ago, and had a yarn with Harry. He told me he did not know what it was to be sea-sick, which is just as well, I should think, for the little *Lakemba* is only about twenty feet long, and she was far from still even in the sheltered yacht basin inside the harbour. Harry—whose folk hail from Surrey, by the way—married about seven or eight years ago. His wife Margaret, is aboard the *Lakemba* with him now, and she was as in his previous yacht, the *Islander*, when she was blown ashore in a hurricane in the New Hebrides.

'Harry builds his own ships; he taught himself navigation; and he even writes out his own passports and clearances and so on, and gets away with it. But before you go building yourself a replica of the *Lakemba* there are a few things you really ought to bear in mind. It is quite true that any sound vessel, properly fitted out and properly stored, ought to be able to take you where you want to go, provided you know how to sail and navigate her. But do not be misled by the apparent ease with which a veteran like Harry Pidgeon gets on with the job. He has some very great advantages. He is a first-rate carpenter and an absolute wizard at what nowadays is called "public relations".'

'There are three great rules that apply to any intending lone circumnavigator, just as they do in any other walk of life. You have to know what you are at, and prepare thoroughly, and stick to your course. Given those things, and a stout little ship, with a stout heart, too, a robust physique, immunity to sea-sickness, and a bottomless bank account, you should be able to get your little ship round'.

THE TWO BAKERS IN PROVENCE

When ROBERT KEE spent two months in Ménerbes in Provence, instead of basking in the eternal peace he had expected to settle round him, as he described in the Home Service, he found he became involved in the delightful pattern of village life, although, as he said, 'It had its awkward moments. I am not quite sure which was the worst of these: the affair of the two bakers, or the affair of the Communist slogans. I think, on the whole, the affair of the bakers, so I will tell you about the slogans first.'

'They appeared the morning after my arrival. On the roads all over the village in white painted letters a foot high: the usual stuff mainly, "Liberate Henri this or Jacques that"; "Long live Peace" of course; a rather queer one: "Long live the Lay School of Philosophy"; and—this was the one I really minded about—in particularly large letters just outside my door: "Non! Le Fascisme ne passera pas". This really hurt. It seemed such a direct personal attack every time I went in or out of the house. Could I really be a fascist? And who was it who had so viciously singled me out in

this way? The political significance of the message faded in the sun and rain as the days went by; but who was responsible for putting it there I never discovered, though I got to know everyone in the village pretty well by the end of my stay. I think the most likely person to have done it was the butcher, an arrogant man who always called me *jeune homme* in a breezy, red-faced way. And his meat was not all that good.

'The affair of the two bakers was altogether more distressing. Bread as you know is an important thing in France. It can be so good that it is a tragedy when it is nasty. For my first few days in Ménerbes I was only aware of one baker. He was a pleasant young man, pale and anxious, with a pretty wife and a pretty child. But his shop unfortunately had a pale and anxious look like himself. His bread was dull and heavy, and tasted too much of flour and water; he had *croissants* only once a week and they were just different shaped versions of the bread. It was a real disappointment, a major drawback to Ménerbes, but one to which it seemed one could only be resigned. Then one morning, while exploring the village I discovered the other baker. Also a pleasant young man, also with a pretty wife and a pretty child. But without the pale and anxious look. And his shop simply sparkled with *pâtisserie*, and there were real *croissants* every day and his bread was quite delicious. I never went back to the first baker. And yet I never felt happy about that delicious bread.

'You see I had to pass the bad baker's shop two or three times a day on my way down to or up from the village. There was in fact another way round, but for some strange reason I never remembered until too late, and slunk past with eyes shamefacedly averted, particularly when carrying bread. There was one morning when I found the wife of the good baker talking friendly to the wife of the bad baker actually outside the bad baker's shop. I do not know why, but this seemed a terrible thing for me. A complete exposure of the lowness of my treachery. The worst thing was that I was actually carrying a particularly fine long loaf from the good baker at the time. I thrust it rapidly down one trouser leg and walked stiffly past as if dispersing sand from a prison camp tunnel. But it was no good. Though they never even turned their faces towards me, I felt worse even than a fascist as I stalked by. Incidentally I wonder why one baker was better than the other'.

A COLLECTOR OF 'HOWLERS'

For many years CECIL HUNT has collected 'howlers'. Talking in the Home Service he gave some of the conclusions he has reached—and illustrated them from his collection. 'The real howler', he said, 'the transparently genuine article, is the product of the young mind, with very limited knowledge, a youthful perspective plus ignorance and often a delightful impudence. Like most things, howlers have a reason. There are the howlers for which there is some excuse; those for instance produced by a mixing in the child's mind of similar or similar sounding words: "Cleopatra ended a remarkable life rather curiously; she was bitten by an aspidistra". Then you get howlers caused by guessing from association. Something strikes a chord in the child's mind, it may be the look of the word, or the sound. I would have given a mark or two to the girl who claimed, "Gross darkness is a kind of religious darkness, one hundred and forty-four times as dark as ordinary dark".'

'The happiest of all howlers to me, and certainly some of the funniest, are those that are fundamentally right: "The Scots do not go to the Church of England; they go to the Free Church"; "The bagpipes are Scotland's national instrument; no other nation has taken to them"; "As well as in church you can now get married in an off-licence"; "White is the colour for hope. Brides wear it at weddings; the men wear black"; "Christians are allowed only one wife. This is called Monotony".'



Partnership in Africa—IV

The Politics of Parity

By COLIN LEGUM

I AM reminded of the missionary who told his African congregation the story of Jonah and the whale. When the sermon ended an old African was heard to mutter: 'I understand about the miracles and the plagues, about the fishes and the loaves of bread, about water turning to wine and manna falling from heaven, but this story of the whale, *Aikona!* I can't see how this one is possible!'

That, I feel, is how it is with partnership. The Africans have been variously persuaded of the benefits of protection and paramountcy, of trusteeship and the two-pyramid system of parallel development; but when it comes to this thing called partnership they share all the doubts of the man who could not swallow the story of the whale. And this is true not only of Africans. I wonder whether anybody really knows what partnership means, or can be made to mean, in relation to the actual problems of the multi-racial society? The Governor of Northern Rhodesia recently attempted to define the principles of partnership in his territory. His effort is remarkable chiefly because the principles he enunciated are so totally different from what is common practice on the Copper Belt and elsewhere in Northern Rhodesia. For this reason I find myself in complete agreement with Lord Hailey when, in an earlier talk in this series, he warned that it will not profit us merely to make a general profession of partnership unless we can substantiate it.

Partnership as a Myth

The term 'partnership', used as a political slogan, is, I believe, a myth. It is too often used to cover up the absence of effective co-operation between the races. Must we, therefore, admit, as Professor Arthur Lewis suggests, that there is no prospect for permanent white and Indian settlement in Africa? I think not. For even though we discard the slogan of partnership, there are other policies involving racial co-operation that are worth pursuing. There is emerging in Tanganyika, for example, a pattern of race relations that I would not have believed possible in Africa. Something has begun to happen there which gives some hope that the problems of the plural society may be solved without violence or the liquidation of the settler communities.

I arrived in Tanganyika last year after a journey that had taken me through South Africa, Bechuanaland, Northern and Southern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, and Kenya. I was very discouraged. But directly I stepped off the aeroplane at Dar-es-Salaam I was made aware of a different attitude to race relations. Owing, no doubt, to my South African background, I had asked my host whether the rather unattractive mud and daub housing area through which we were passing was the native quarter. 'My dear chap', he said, 'you've got it all wrong. We don't have native areas, Indian quarters, and European suburbs. We have high density building areas, medium density, and low density areas'. He admitted that the high density areas—that is, the least desirable—were inhabited mainly by Africans, the medium density areas mainly by Asians, and the low density areas by both Europeans and Asians. But the division of Dar-es-Salaam into density zones instead of the usual racial zones, is not simply a shamefaced device to hide the existence of the segregation of the races.

Dar-es-Salaam's delightful new suburb, Oyster Bay, is inhabited both by whites and Indians. There is no legal racial discrimination in the ownership of land, as one finds in South Africa, Rhodesia, and Kenya. The bar is not race, but economics, as it is in most civilised countries. And the racially arrogant spirit that allows sultans to be barred from white clubs in Singapore is relatively absent. There are a few exclusive clubs—but are not there everywhere? This is annoying without being serious. I found no difficulty in entertaining my non-white friends in public places; and the white man who invites an African to his home is not shunned for doing so. This is, unfortunately, all too rare in British Africa.

The comparative absence of the race factor at its most sensitive point in the plural society—where the different races mix socially—naturally excited me. Why is this beginning to happen in Tanganyika and not elsewhere? Superficially there is no easy explanation. For Tanganyika's multi-racial problems are as complex as can be found

anywhere. The last census shows that there are 7,500,000 Africans, 72,000 Asians and 15,000 white inhabitants. A closer analysis shows that there are 120 different African tribes, ranging from the highly developed Chagga on the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro to the nomadic Masai, and the primitive Kiko who live in the swamps of the Malagarasi. The Asians in turn are divided into Indians, Arabs, Goans, Chinese, Sinhalese, Seychellois, Syrians, Comorians, and Baluchis. The Moslems are in a majority over the Hindus. And the small white community is spread over thirty different nationalities, with Greeks in a majority over British in the settled white community.

These 8,000,000 people of many races inhabit a territory the size of the United Kingdom, France, and Belgium put together. But only one-third of the total area is inhabited. The remaining two-thirds is either semi-desert or infested with tsetse fly. Most of the trade and the profitable plantations are in the hands of the Indians and the whites, with the Indians playing a dominant role in commerce. It is the Indians who originally opened up East Africa to white settlement, and who penetrated the inhospitable bush to open up trade in the interior. The Greeks and the Indians were mainly responsible for the construction of the railways.

I was in Tanganyika at a time when bitter controversy was raging over the constitutional recommendations made by a special committee of the Legislative Council. This committee, which consisted of members of all races with a majority of whites, recommended the adoption of the principle of parity of representation for the three main races on the unofficial side of the Legislative Council. Each race was to have seven representatives, and the government was to maintain an official majority. These recommendations were strongly supported by the leaders of both the African and Asian communities, but the white community was sharply divided. There was also vigorous opposition in the neighbouring territory of Kenya and among other white settlers. Fortunately, as I believe, wiser counsels have prevailed. The Colonial Secretary last month announced government support for the constitutional reforms based on the principle of parity.

This controversy about parity raises several important questions. Why has it been possible in Tanganyika to secure sufficient white support for the principle of parity while elsewhere in Africa this has been firmly resisted? And why is it that the leaders of the 7,500,000 Africans have agreed to share equal representation with the handful of Asians and whites? Finally, does parity really offer a constitutional solution to the problems of the multi-racial society? I propose to consider each of these questions separately.

Leadership on Merits

Let us look at the first. The attitude of those white settlers who support parity is that their ultimate future depends upon the confidence of the Africans, and that the Asians have played at least as important a part as the whites in the development of Tanganyika. One of the spokesmen of this white group, Mr. Eldred Hitchcock, put it this way: 'It is my view that an imposed white leadership is today an anachronism and will surely defeat its own objects. Leadership, whether by Europeans, Asians, or Africans, will emerge on its own merits. . .'

It is remarkable that much of the support for the parity proposals came from influential white leaders in commerce and industry. It seems that commercial and industrial leaders in Africa are beginning to realise the importance of the economic, as opposed to the race, factor in Africa's development. Such an attitude can be of decisive importance. But the main white support for the constitutional recommendations came from the officials led by the Governor, that remarkable man Sir Edward Twining. By his contempt for racial discrimination, lack of sentimentality, and practical concern for social and economic development, he has played a major part in promoting racial harmony. The important role that a governor of great moral strength can play in a plural society cannot easily be exaggerated. Fortunately, there has never been a time in the history of British Administration in Africa when there have been so many outstanding governors.

Turning to the Africans' attitude to the parity proposal, we find that all the leaders unanimously support it. Tanganyika's outstanding African is Chief Kidaha Makwaia of the Sukumu. He is a young man in his early thirties. In one generation he has made the leap from his primitive tribal society to a prominent place in western society, but without losing his tribal associations. Kidaha summed up his attitude to parity in these words: 'It would be a very bad thing for Africans to lose the great advantage which white settlement has brought to the territory. But white settlement would not be secure if the great mass of Africans came to feel that they were being denied fair play. It is as much in the interests of the whites as of the Africans to see that they are fully considered'.

This attitude reflects a remarkable sense of confidence. Kidaha's confidence is based on his own personal experiences and on that of his people, the Sukumu. He has seen one of the most exciting programmes of peasant reform ever attempted in Africa being successfully carried out in Sukumaland, a scheme that will transform the lives of 1,000,000 African peasants. Its success is, in large measure, due to a small group of white technicians who have demonstrated what can be achieved by working *with* Africans instead of trying to do things *to* them or *for* them. It is this working with people that breeds confidence and strengthens the chances of racial co-operation.

A Co-operative Union in East Africa

Let me refer to another African supporter of parity, Thomas Marealle, the young and modern chief of the Chagga. The Chagga are a virile and progressive tribe, living on the fertile slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro. Thirty years ago, A. L. Bennett came to teach the Chagga modern methods of coffee-growing based on the principles of co-operation. Today the Kilimanjaro Native Co-operative Union is one of the major enterprises in East Africa. It is operated entirely by Africans, with the splendid Bennett occupying a backroom position as guide and philosopher to the tribe. Last year the Chagga coffee growers earned something like £1,250,000. Their social, economic, and political life has advanced rapidly. They recently opened their own cultural centre, a modern four-storey building costing £250,000. Thomas Marealle speaks with the confidence of a Chagga leader who has seen his tribe prosper.

I can refer only in passing to some of the other important schemes: for example, the tobacco co-operative of the Bukoba; the development scheme of the Mbulu, and the adult education programme of the Pare.

With this growth of tribal development has come steady industrial development in the larger towns, and a number of almost unnoticed political reforms. Each reform has sought to associate the three races with the government of the country. The Dar-es-Salaam municipal council, for example, has an equal number of representatives from each of the three races, as has the Tanga Township Authority. The same pattern of representation is reflected in the composition of the Immigration Control Board, the Joint Civil Service Advisory Council, and many other official bodies. One can see, then, that the path towards parity in the Legislative Council, based on inter-racial co-operation, has been pursued in other spheres over a long period, and has not emerged as a sudden inspiration or because of violent political pressure. Probably the most important reason for this is that no single community feels itself threatened by the economic development of the others. There is an impressive level of economic buoyancy which makes for an absence of economic threat or social insecurity. This makes it easier for the different races to tolerate each other's political development. Apart from some rather extremist elements, who show the same symptoms as settlers in other parts of the continent, there is surprisingly little bitterness or frustration in the country.

A second important factor is that the Africans do not feel their land to be threatened. A third reason is that Tanganyika has been governed for thirty years as a mandated and trust territory. The awareness of international accountability has undoubtedly had an important effect on what has happened in Tanganyika. A fourth reason is the impressive level of both Moslem and Hindu leadership. I am aware of many other factors that must be considered, but I will refer to only one other: the absence of too rapid industrialisation and the concentration of economic and political development through the progressive expansion and transformation of tribal society, rather than through its disintegration. One final point remains to be considered. Can racial co-operation be promoted by constitutional reform based on parity of representation for the different races? The experience of communal representation in Ceylon and elsewhere does not give much reason for confidence.

But parity, adopted as a short-term policy, can play a valuable part in bridging the gap between the widely different economic, cultural, and social levels of the various races. Because it removes the constant threat of domination by any one race it can contribute to the lessening of racial tension, thus helping to create the necessary confidence without which effective economic development is impossible. There seems to be no reason why the principle of parity should not be a prelude towards the formation of multi-racial political parties. That stage can be reached quite soon in Tanganyika and it is to be hoped that an early attempt will be made to introduce opportunities for representation on a common roll side by side with that of communal representation, so that the ultimate goal of an integrated political system might be kept constantly in sight.

Conditions in the other plural societies are different from those in Tanganyika in many important respects, but it is surely possible for most of them to adapt the experiences of Tanganyika to their own needs. There is reason to believe that racial co-operation can be achieved in Africa, provided the multi-racial societies adopt a policy of equal rights for all civilised men, with equal opportunities for all men to become civilised. Such a policy depends upon the progressive expansion of the ideas that are beginning to shoot fragile roots in Tanganyika. The quickest way to destroy its growth would be to accept the 'Little Englander' arguments put forward by Mr. Colin Welch in an earlier talk in this series. His attempt to invest the profit-and-loss account with a philosophy all of its own is to deny the historic truths about the growth of the Commonwealth and the Colonial Empire.

The picture of economic development seen 'on the ground' in Tanganyika and elsewhere—whether promoted by private or public enterprise or by a mixture of both—refutes Mr. Welch's altogether too pessimistic assessment of what can be achieved in Africa. Mr. Welch says he chooses rearmament before development in the backward territories. He overlooks the fact that the rearmament programme, because of its growing demand for raw materials, is speeding up development in many colonial territories. He seems to argue that the rate of economic development in the backward countries is too fast to maintain social stability. A formidable case can be made out to support the opposite view. I believe that the main danger in Africa comes from the possibility that political development may outstrip the rate of economic and social development, as was the case in Egypt and the Middle Eastern countries. If this were to happen we would have a whole series of Egypts and Persias on our hands throughout the colonial empire. We would then indeed need all the guns we could muster to keep down the colonial peoples who at present make quite a substantial contribution towards keeping our bread buttered!

It seems to me that there is as much error in the argument of those who think of doing too little too slowly as there is in the argument of those who want to do too much too fast. This is not a time for old-fashioned economics, but, taking confidence from what is beginning to happen in Tanganyika, a time for faith and expansion.

—Third Programme

Cain

Cain was the firstborn, cast
from the breast to the bracken and the brook
and a wild landscape of secluded days.

The hillside set horizons to his thoughts.
His life stretched acres: strong and fruitful ground.
Time fell in trees: an eye cut into the forest.

Abel had many voices. Cain
had the green voice of water and the wind
to finger the labour of his seeds.

He was the weather's harbour in the hills,
the seasons hung like jesses on his heels
and when the god showed him his servitude

the landscape ploughed its talons through his mood,
gathering his many bitter years
into a terror to torment his blood.

KAREN LOEWENTHAL

Conquering the Zuider Zee

By LIONEL FLEMING

I WAS talking a few weeks ago to a Dutch farmer. His small children were helping—at least they said they were helping—to pick his strawberry crop. He had a nice house and a nice piece of land. Perhaps, indeed, he was just a little worried about the land. He had moved in there only a short time ago, and he had put a lot of his savings into it, and he was hoping the crops would come up as the experts had told him they would. Because it was rather new land: ten years ago it had been the bottom of the Zuider Zee, with fifteen feet of water over it. The sea-shells, in the sandy earth round his strawberry beds, were still there to remind one of that.

What I want to discuss is the process that brought this farmer to his farm. It is a thing that is costing millions of money. It is going to add one-tenth to the land area of the Netherlands. It has converted salt water into fresh water, and fresh water into land. It is, in fact, the great reclamation which is going on in what we used to call the Zuider Zee. That great gulf which thrust down into Holland from the north, does not really exist any longer. There is water there all right, but it is not sea water. The whole place has been changed into a fresh-water lake.

That was the beginning of the scheme—it started about twenty-five years ago. They made a twenty-mile dike right across the top end of the Zuider Zee. I have driven across it, from north Holland to the coast of Friesland. When they had finished the dike in 1932, they drained the salt water out of it into the sea, and let it fill up with fresh water from the rivers that run into it. The main river was the IJssel, so now they call it the IJsselmeer. If the scheme had gone no further, it would still have been revolutionary. There was now a great, fresh-water reservoir to supply the surrounding country. The salt water of the Zuider Zee no longer got into the land—for one must remember that most of the land is well below the water-level—and this meant that much better crops could be grown. Fruit, seed-potatoes, flowers—all these are now flourishing around the IJsselmeer. They were not possible before. Then there were the fish, of course. The salt water ones disappeared—the herring fishers in the little harbours along the Zuider Zee had to change their outlook and get used to fishing for eels instead. But all that was only one step towards bringing my Dutch farmer to his farm. The next was to convert water into land, to make what they call polders.

I was out in a boat along the dikes which they are making for a new polder. There, in the middle of this huge expanse of water they were dumping clay, and sand, and rocks to make the dike. Dredgers, floating cranes, and barges were all around us. Some were putting down



Harvesting in the North-east Polder

clay, others were pumping wet sand on top of the growing dike, others were hauling out great, long willow mattresses from the shore. They sink these mattresses against the sides of the dike below water level and weight them down with rocks—it stops the water from washing away the foundations. A good part of the dike I saw was already above water, and workmen were putting the stone facing on it. Beyond the dike, nothing but water. You could sail across it for a whole day before reaching the coast, twenty miles off. And in five years time, all that stretch of water will be land.

When the dike round this new polder is complete, all the water will be pumped out, and that may take about two years. Then it will be land, though not, of course, the kind of land that can be used at once. For one thing, it will still be far too wet—just like the bed of any lake. And, incidentally, it struck me that one could find some very odd things at the bottom of a lake. I asked if anything had been found when they drained the other polders. They said: 'You'd better go to Schokland and have a look at their museum'. So I went.

Schokland is a little hill that rises slightly above the dead-level plain of a polder which was drained ten years ago. It used to be an island, and the Zuider Zee nearly swallowed it up. In the end, everyone had to be taken off, and only the little church remained. There is still a high boarding in front of the church door—to prevent the spray from soaking the congregation as they went in and out. There is a quay wall, too. You look over it and see grass below, not water. When the polder was made, the island of Schokland became just a hill in the surrounding land, and they turned the little church into a museum. And in that museum they put what the water had hidden for so long. I saw bones of prehistoric animals—mammoths, and woolly-haired rhinoceroses, and many other creatures which had lived there in the days before the sea burst in and formed the Zuider Zee about 800 years ago. Anything found after, of course, was the result of shipwrecks.



Constructing a dike to make a new polder

I visited another 'island' on this polder. That is a place called Urk, and it is still inhabited. I wanted to see how the people felt about the great change, from water to land. It was a little sad, I thought. It is true that they still have their little harbour and their fishing boats, for they are on the outer edge of the polder. But I felt they were rather like an old couple in a big old house, who have seen a new suburban housing estate grow up all round them. Only the house remains, the setting has disappeared. So it was, I thought, with the people of Urk. I was told, in fact, that they do not mix with the people of the polder. They keep themselves to themselves. They seem to be holding, for as long as possible, to the illusion that they are still on an 'island'.

But if they are a casualty of progress, they are about the only one, for everything else appears to be clear gain. Above all, there is the extra land which is so badly needed for a terribly overcrowded country. Of course, it costs a great deal, but as one Dutchman said to me: 'It costs less than a war—and we can add to our territory without going to war'. They are all, quite naturally, intensely proud of this kind of achievement. I met more than one who quoted the old saying to me: 'God made the world, but the Dutch made Holland'.

Now, about my farmer again, and his new farm. It is now almost exactly ten years since his polder became land. But he did not get his farm straight away—he had to wait for another few years after that. In the old days, when polders were made, farmers tended to move in immediately and try to make a living from the new land. It must have been a heart-breaking affair. The soil was usually soaked with salt water, and would not grow things properly until the rain had had a real chance to wash the salt out. By that time, many an unfortunate farmer would have gone out of business. It would be his successor who would begin to make money. So, nowadays, the state takes over a new polder entirely, until it is ready to farm.

These points were made to me by an official who is closely concerned with the work. 'In this case, of course', he said, 'we had washed the salt out of the land already. That was when we converted the Zuider Zee into a lake. But even so, it would have been almost impossible to make a living from that new land, as it stood'. So, first of all, they dug drains all over it, to help to dry it out. That was a very big task—after all, the polder is about twenty miles across in each direction. But they were not content with that. 'We Dutch don't like open drains', said the official. 'They encourage weeds and they waste a fearful amount of good land. So we've filled them all in again'. In fact, they put down a network of drainpipes—millions of them—all over the polder, three or four feet below the ground. But even when this land had begun to dry out properly, it still was in what you could call a delicate state of health. You cannot grow just anything on that new kind of land, though most of it is surprisingly fertile. 'Years ago', said my official, 'we made a soil chart of the whole of the Zuider Zee. We knew exactly what we would find underneath, and we knew that most of the area was pretty good land'. But the state experts also know, for instance, that some parts will be no good for planting anything but trees. They know that other parts need improvement—so they take the right kind of soil out of newly dug canals, or even out of the bed of the great lake, and distribute it on top of the land. And, what is more, the land needs to be nursed. The right kind of crops have to be planted in the right order for a few years. It is only then that the area is divided up into farms and let out to individuals.

My particular farmer came on to the polder in its early stages. He came from Groningen, in the far north of Friesland. 'When my father died', he said, 'my elder brother got our farm. I wanted one of my own, I came down here'. Then he had worked as a labourer on the

new polder, living in a labourers' camp. For the Dutch, when they are making new land, make the houses last of all. As they say: 'You should look after the horse before the man'. So first of all they got the land ready, then the farm buildings, then the houses. In the meantime, the labourers either cycled for miles to their work across the new, flat roads, or else lived in a labourers' camp on the polder. When the land was ready, the farms were advertised, and my farmer was one of 2,000 candidates for this one. There is tremendous competition, for the Netherlands are crowded with people who want farms. So now this man has got what he came for. He rents his farm and his house from the state, and he has put his savings into stocking the farm.

It is a very new country that he lives in. I mean, it does look new. Dead flat, of course, like all the rest of the country. But all the trees are saplings, and the roads bump unexpectedly beneath your car because their foundations still have not quite settled, and everywhere you can see the new buildings and bridges going up. The villages that do exist are still evidently in their early stages. I stopped at the capital of the polder for a glass of beer—I suppose you could call it the capital, anyway, it is going to be the main town there. It is a place called Emmeloord. The centre is there, the market square has its saplings bravely

planted round it, but the surrounding streets are still, as it were, only sketched in. And in the *café* I visited you do get the 'frontier' atmosphere. Farmers and their wives are up for shopping—it is the only shopping centre that yet exists. Some are still dressed in the baggy trousers and silver earrings, or the white caps and wide skirts, of the province they were born in. And at the tables nearby there are men poring over documents—farmers comparing notes about the quality of the soil on their holdings, water-board officials discussing drainage.

That is something of the atmosphere of this new, raw land. I would not say it was attractive. I would not like to live there myself. It will be ten or twenty years—possibly more—before it gets rid of this uncomfortable feeling of newness.

But after that, it will be an authentic part of the Netherlands, just like every other polder which has been reclaimed during the past 800 years.

There are two things I think I ought to stress. One is the impression one gets of the far-sightedness of the Dutch. On the great dike which closed the top of the Zuider Zee, there is a monument, and it says 'a nation that lives, builds for its future'. I think that is true of this nation. They do not mind spending immense sums of money, which will hardly benefit themselves, but only their children. For instance, the soil analysis of the Zuider Zee, which is almost the key to the whole treatment of the new polder country, was made by people who have been dead these many years. The other thing one tends to forget is that all this land has been won from the sea, and lies below the level of the sea. You are reminded now and then about that, if you look across the wall of a dike and see a barge sailing by on the other side, slightly above you. Much of the country is like that: if the dikes gave way it would be water again. That happened a few years ago on the Wieringermeer polder, when the Germans blew a hole in the dike and flooded the whole place. I have seen a high statue in a village square which still has a damaged arm. That is because a boat carelessly ran into it.

But, apart from war, what is won is kept. The Dutch know how to deal with water, for, after all, as one of them said to me: 'We've spent hundreds of years over the problem of how to keep our feet dry'.

—Home Service



Newly laid out streets in Emmeloord

New Towns and the Case for Them by Lord Beveridge is a booklet based on a lecture given by him at London University last year. He discusses the New Town movement with his usual skill and summarises in an appendix some of the individual problems in the different development schemes. The booklet is published by the University of London Press at 2s.

Portraits from Memory—IV

‘Completely Married’: Sidney and Beatrice Webb

By BERTRAND RUSSELL, O.M.

I KNEW Sidney and Beatrice Webb intimately for a number of years, at times even sharing a house with them. They were the most completely married couple that I have ever known. They were, however, very averse from any romantic view of love or marriage. Marriage was a social institution designed to fit instinct into a legal framework. The first ten years of their marriage, Mrs. Webb would remark at intervals, ‘as Sidney always says, marriage is the waste-paper basket of the emotions’. In later years there was a slight change. They would generally have a couple to stay with them for the week-end, and on Sunday afternoon they would go for a brisk walk, Sidney with the lady and Beatrice with the gentleman. At a certain point, Sidney would remark, ‘I know just what Beatrice is saying at this moment. She is saying, “as Sidney always says, marriage is the waste-paper basket of the emotions”’. Whether Sidney ever really did say this is not known.

I knew Sidney before his marriage. But he was then much less than half of what the two of them afterwards became. Their collaboration was quite dove-tailed. I used to think, though this was perhaps an undue simplification, that she had the ideas and he did the work. He was perhaps the most industrious man that I have ever known. When they were writing a book on local government they would send circulars to all local-government officials throughout the country asking questions and pointing out that officials could legally purchase their forthcoming book out of the rates. When I let my house to them, the postman, who was an ardent socialist, did not know whether to be more honoured by serving them or annoyed at having to deliver a thousand answers a day to their circulars. Webb was originally a second-division clerk in the civil service, but by immense industry succeeded in rising into the first division. He was somewhat earnest, and did not like jokes on sacred subjects, such as political theory. On one occasion I remarked to him that democracy has at least one merit, namely, that a Member of Parliament cannot be stupider than his constituents, for the more stupid he is, the more stupid they were to elect him. Webb was seriously annoyed and said bitingly, ‘that is the sort of argument I don’t like’.

Mrs. Webb had a wider range of interests than her husband. She took considerable interest in individual human beings, not only when they could be useful. She was deeply religious without belonging to any recognised brand of orthodoxy, though as a socialist she preferred the Church of England because it was a state institution. She was one of nine sisters, the daughters of a man named Potter who acquired most of his fortune by building huts for the armies in the Crimea. He was a disciple of Herbert Spencer, and Mrs. Webb was the most notable product of that philosopher’s theories of education. I am sorry to say that my mother, who was her neighbour in the country, described her as a ‘social butterfly’, but one may hope that she would have modified

this judgment if she had known Mrs. Webb in later life. When she became interested in socialism she decided to sample the Fabians, especially the three most distinguished, who were Webb, Shaw, and Graham Wallas. There was something like the Judgment of Paris with the sexes reversed, and it was Sidney who emerged as the counterpart of Aphrodite.

Webb had been entirely dependent upon his earnings, whereas Beatrice had inherited a competence from her father. Beatrice had the mentality of the governing class, which Sidney had not. Seeing that

they had enough to live on without earning, they decided to devote their lives to research and to the higher branches of propaganda. In both they were amazingly successful. Their books are a tribute to their industry and the London School of Economics is a tribute to Sidney’s skill. I do not think that Sidney’s abilities would have been nearly as fruitful as they were if they had not been backed by Beatrice’s self-confidence. I asked her once whether she had ever had any feeling of shyness. ‘Oh no’, she said, ‘if I ever felt inclined to be timid as I was going into a room full of people, I would say to myself, “you’re the cleverest member of one of the cleverest families in the cleverest nation in the world, why should you be frightened?”’

I both liked and admired Mrs. Webb, although I disagreed with her about many very important matters. I admired, first and foremost, her ability, which was very great. I admired next her integrity: she lived for public objects and was never deflected by personal ambition, although she was not devoid of it. I liked her because she was a warm and kind friend to those for whom she had a personal affection, but I disagreed with her about religion, about imperialism, and about the worship of the state. This last was of the essence of Fabianism. It had led both the Webbs and also Shaw into what I thought an undue tolerance of Mussolini and Hitler, and ultimately into a rather absurd adulation of the Soviet government.

But nobody is all of a piece, not even the Webbs. I once remarked to Shaw that Webb seemed to me somewhat deficient in kindly feeling. ‘No’, Shaw replied, ‘you are quite mistaken. Webb and I were once in a tram-car in Holland eating biscuits out of a bag. A handcuffed criminal was brought into the tram by policemen. All the other passengers shrank away in horror, but Webb went up to the prisoner and offered him biscuits’. I remember this story whenever I find myself becoming unduly critical of either Webb or Shaw.

There were people whom the Webbs hated. They hated Wells, both because he offended Mrs. Webb’s rigid Victorian morality and because he tried to dethrone Webb from his reign over the Fabian Society. They hated Ramsay MacDonald from very early days. The least hostile thing that I ever heard either of them say about him was at the time of the



Sidney and Beatrice Webb: a photograph taken about 1910

formation of the first Labour Government, when Mrs. Webb said, he was a very good substitute for a leader.

Their political history was rather curious. At first they co-operated with the Conservatives because Mrs. Webb was pleased with Arthur Balfour for being willing to give more public money to church schools. When the Conservatives fell in 1906, the Webbs made some slight and ineffectual efforts to collaborate with the Liberals. But at last it occurred to them that as socialists they might feel more at home in the Labour Party, of which in their later years they were loyal members.

For a number of years Mrs. Webb was addicted to fasting, from motives partly hygienic and partly religious. She would have no breakfast and a very meagre dinner. Her only solid meal was lunch. She almost always had a number of distinguished people to lunch, but she would get so hungry that the moment it was announced she marched in ahead of all her guests and started to eat. She nevertheless believed that starvation made her more spiritual, and once told me that it gave her exquisite visions. 'Yes', I replied, 'if you eat too little, you see visions; and if you drink too much, you see snakes'. I am afraid she thought this remark inexcusably flippant. Webb did not share the religious side of her nature, but was in no degree hostile to it, in spite of the fact that it was sometimes inconvenient to him. When they and I were staying at a hotel in Normandy, she used to stay upstairs in the morning, since she could not bear the painful spectacle of us breakfasting. Sidney, however, would come down for rolls and coffee. The first morning Mrs. Webb sent a message by the maid, 'we do not have butter for Sidney's breakfast'. Her use of 'we' was one of the delights of their friends.

Both of them were fundamentally undemocratic, and regarded it as the function of a statesman to bamboozle or terrorise the populace. I realised the origins of Mrs. Webb's conceptions of government when she repeated to me her father's description of shareholders' meetings. It is the recognised function of directors to keep shareholders in their place, and she had a similar view about the relation of the government to the electorate.

Her father's stories of his career had not given her any undue respect for the great. After he had built huts for the winter quarters of the French armies in the Crimea, he went to Paris to get paid. He had spent almost all his capital in putting up the huts, and payment became important to him. But, although everybody in Paris admitted the debt, the cheque did not come. At last he met Lord Brassey who had come on a similar errand. When Mr. Potter explained his difficulties, Lord Brassey laughed at him and said, 'My dear fellow, you don't know the ropes. You must give £500 to the Minister and £500 among his underlings'. Mr. Potter did so, and the cheque came next day.

Sidney had no hesitation in using wiles which some would think unscrupulous. He told me, for example, that when he wished to carry some point through a committee where the majority thought otherwise, he would draw up a resolution in which the contentious point occurred twice. He would have a long debate about its first occurrence and at last give way graciously. Nine times out of ten, so he concluded, no one would notice that the same point occurred later in the same resolution.

The Webbs did a great work in giving intellectual backbone to British socialism. They performed more or less the same function that the Benthamites at an earlier time had performed for the radicals. The Webbs and the Benthamites shared a certain dryness and a certain coldness and a belief that the waste-paper basket is the place for the emotions. But the Benthamites and the Webbs alike taught their doctrines to enthusiasts. Bentham and Robert Owen could produce a well-balanced intellectual progeny and so could the Webbs and Keir Hardy. One should not demand of anybody all the things that add value to a human being. To have some of them is as much as should be demanded. The Webbs pass this test, and indubitably the British Labour Party would have been much more wild and woolly if they had never existed. Their mantle descended upon Mrs. Webb's nephew, Sir Stafford Cripps, and but for them I doubt whether the British democracy would have endured with the same patience the arduous years through which we have been passing.—*Home Service*

Kicks Without Ha'pence

The second of three talks by HAROLD WINCOTT on 'Capitalism without Capital'

I WAS in Canada a few weeks ago. In a way, I can claim that I travelled that vast country from coast to coast. For I was in the *Empress of Scotland* when she steamed for the first time right the way up the St. Lawrence to Montreal. And I flew all the way across to the Pacific—it took sixteen hours. I visited Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver, Calgary, Winnipeg, and Ottawa. Everywhere I went, I was conscious that I was watching one of the classic capital formations of the modern world—a movement comparable with our own capital formation in the nineteenth century, and with those of the United States and Russia in the first half of this. Iron-ore development in Labrador and Ontario; oil and natural gas in the Prairie Provinces; aluminium in northern British Columbia; new factories in the suburbs of Toronto and Montreal; a new chemical industry in the making in the midst of farm lands: there seemed no end to Canada's growth.

In the middle of it all, I sat quietly one Saturday morning in my bedroom at a club in Toronto, examining the National Income White Papers of Canada and the United Kingdom. I knew, of course, that capital from outside Canada was playing an important role in financing Canada's growth. People in the United States, Europe, and, to some extent, this country, were forgoing immediate consumption so that the resources they could have commanded could be devoted to developing Canada. But this capital inflow from other countries could not explain it all, I felt. And I was right. The National Income White Papers filled in the missing details. For every dollar—say seven shillings—the Canadians spent on personal consumption in 1951, they saved 13 cents, or 11d. For every pound the British people spent on personal consumption last year, they saved less than 2½d. Personal savings in Canada last year, in fact, in relation to personal consumption, were nearly fifteen times as high as our own. No wonder Canada is growing so fast.

A modern community can save in three ways. First, individuals

can dispose of their personal income in the happier of the two methods advocated by Mr. Micawber: they can then either invest the odd sixpence out of each twenty pounds themselves, or get an insurance company or a pension fund to do it for them. This is personal saving, the type of saving which is going on apace in Canada today. Secondly, companies save. A company will earn, say, £100,000 net profit after all charges, and distribute half of it to its shareholders as dividend. The other £50,000 it places to reserve and invests in new assets. As far as the community is concerned, that is saving—corporate saving. As far as the individual shareholder is concerned, it may be akin to forced saving, but at least the money is saved. Finally—the government may save. It may tax us more heavily than it needs to do to cover its current outgoings, and thus secure a budget surplus. This surplus it can invest itself, or pass to the nationalised industries or local authorities to invest. A budget surplus, too, adds up to forced saving, just as corporate saving does.

In passing, I would suggest you reflect on a strange fact which this analysis throws up. This is a free country; a country which prides itself on its freedoms. Yet two of the three methods of saving we now employ involve forced saving; individuals have little or no say in how the money shall be invested. If you will forgive a blinding glimpse of the obvious, you cannot have industrial capital without financial capital—that stuff about pounds, shillings, and pence being 'meaningless symbols' just is not true. And when you examine in detail the three types of saving I have mentioned, you begin to understand why it is we have not been getting nearly enough industrial capital formation. We have not been getting it for the simple reason that the supply of financial capital—of savings—is deficient. Savings by the government, of course, in the main, do not provide general industrial capital. There were probably no real savings by companies last year; there were probably no real personal savings, either.

Our National Income White Paper estimated that our combined

personal savings last year were only £95,000,000 compared with personal consumption expenditure of £10,000,000,000. Moreover, even that relatively tiny sum of £95,000,000—equal to less than one per cent. of personal consumption—includes the element of stock appreciation inherent in farmers' savings in a year of rising prices. If we excluded that element from the £95,000,000 of personal savings, true personal savings last year were either derisory, or non-existent. That is a pretty startling assertion to make. You will ask: 'Have the British people, with their reputation for thriftiness, the people whose savings industrialised the world in the nineteenth century, given up saving altogether? What about all the hundreds of millions of people still save through insurance and premiums, contributions to pension funds?'

Personal Savings Very Small

The White Paper figure is only an estimate. Moreover, it is what the statisticians call 'a residual item', and there is often a fair degree of error in such figures. Whatever the exact figure is, however, it is quite certain that personal savings in this country today are very, very small. Far too small to finance the industrial capital formation which we simply must have if we are to survive as an industrial power. It is, of course, true that many people here still save, particularly through insurance premiums, pension funds, and so on. But a great deal of 'dissaving' (horrid word) is going on, too. The National Savings Movement has had to contend with a good deal of 'dissaving' and last year only achieved a small 'plus'. This year, to date, the experience has been a good deal worse. And there is reason to believe that in recent years individual investors have withdrawn more money from the Stock Exchanges than they have invested through them. This is a sum which cannot be calculated with any exactitude. But certain figures in the National Income White Papers, and in the report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, lead to this conclusion. Even more striking, they lead to the conclusion that, if present trends continue, the whole corpus of privately held industrial securities will disappear within a generation. The securities themselves will not disappear, of course. But they will pass from personal ownership to institutional ownership.

Is this slump in personal savings, this consumption of personal capital, so very surprising? Surely not, when you consider the factors now working against the saver. For one thing, there is the very high level of taxation. Because taxation is so high, many people find it difficult, if not impossible, to save. Moreover, one of the objectives of the recent taxation system has been to redistribute incomes, in favour of the lower income groups. This may be a laudable objective, but we have to face two facts arising from it. Generally speaking, we are taking incomes away from the classes accustomed to save, and giving it to the classes accustomed to spend. And some of our savings institutions, notably the Stock Exchange, cannot or will not adapt their machinery to gather savings from the lower income groups. Moreover, the very burden of taxation, and the effects of inflation, often force people with accumulated capital to spend it; to 'dissave' it. People who retired ten years ago on what they thought was a reasonable income now find they must consume their savings to live. People who want to send their children to public schools surrender their insurance policies to meet the bills. Death duties running up to eighty per cent. are a powerful inducement to capital consumption. So are the periodic threats of capital levies. 'Let's spend the money before the Chancellor gets it', is the saver's reaction.

Inflation, our constant companion now for nearly fifteen years, is a great discourager of savings. The experience of too many savers is that you put good pounds in, and draw bad pounds out. You get, perhaps, two per cent. after tax each year as interest on your savings—and you lose five per cent. of your capital each year through the deterioration in the value of money. That is what the economists call a 'negative rate of interest'—and it does not take the simplest minded saver long to discover what this high-sounding phrase means in practice. It means that the saver is being diddled. Inflation does more than discourage saving; it encourages spending. 'What's the use', a boy may argue, 'saving half-a-crown a week for a motor bicycle when I am twenty-one, if all that the money will buy when I've saved it is a push-bike? I'll spend the half-crown each week—and then buy the motor cycle on hire-purchase when the time comes'. Further, consider the treatment we have meted out in recent years to the saver who provides the most important savings of all—Ordinary shares. The Ordinary shareholder is the man who puts up the risk capital. In theory, the Ordinary shareholder is the man who gets the kicks if a company does badly and the

ha'pence if a company does well. In practice, in the modern British world, he gets the kicks all right, but precious few ha'pence. Since 1938, wages and salaries combined have gone up by approximately 175 per cent.; farmers' incomes by over 340 per cent.; company dividends and interest by approximately only 55 per cent.: In theory, Ordinary share values ought to rise more or less in accordance with the rise in the general level of prices: in the jargon of the economists, they should provide a 'hedge against inflation'. In practice, leading British industrial Ordinary shares have provided no hedge against inflation. They are worth today just about what they were worth in 1935.

Towards the end of the war, when a leading politician was asked what he thought about our war-time losses of foreign investments, he is reported to have replied: 'And a good job too'. The investor, and particularly the investor in Ordinary shares, is not a popular creature in Britain today. At best, he is widely regarded as an idle and useless fellow; at worst, as a social menace. You are something of a national hero if you win £75,000 in the football pools. But if you manage to save £75,000 you are a parasite. It does not seem to matter very much which party is in power. Both major parties in the election last October promised to give the Ordinary shareholder beans if they were elected. The Labour Party promised dividend limitation. The Conservatives promised—and gave us—an Excess Profits Levy, which falls on the Ordinary shareholders' profits. A great many people, listening to those promises, said: 'And a good job too'.

We are a democracy, and a democracy gets what the majority of its people want. Presumably, therefore, most British people want saving to be made as difficult as possible, and savers as unpopular as possible. I suggest, however, as an elementary precaution, that the British people ought to be warned of the consequences of the policies their elected governments follow. You see, you may kick savers around as much as you like; you may tax their incomes very heavily; you may confiscate their capital; you can throttle them out of existence by inflation. But the saver always has one last option, an option which no one can take from him. He can decide that saving is a mug's game—and he can leave it to the mugs. The supply of mugs, however, is not inexhaustible; at least, not the supply of this particular sort of mug. There are indications that savers are beginning to exercise that last option of theirs in increasing numbers. If and when the process reaches its logical conclusion, we shall not have to guess how much or how little capital formation there is. The unemployment figures will give us the answer.

High Taxation and Inflation

Is it really impossible to get these simple facts over to the man in the street? Is it really hopeless to expect the politicians of all parties to reverse recent trends before irreparable damage has been done? The Canadian experience suggests that it is possible to get capital formation from domestic sources in a democracy. There is, however, one more set of figures I ought to give you before we leave Canada out of this discussion. The Canadian federal and local governments spend twenty-three per cent. of Canada's gross national product. The British Government and local authorities spend about forty per cent. of our gross national product. In other words, taxation both of individuals and of companies is far, far higher here than it is in Canada. Now here is a paradox. Our taxation, both personal and company, is so heavy largely because, as a nation, we have been sold on the idea of social security. Yet high taxation and the inflation which is seemingly inseparable from high taxation destroy savings and capital formation. And savings and capital formation are absolutely essential to provide the most basic social security of all—jobs for our people. Must we, in our passion for apparent security, destroy real security? Must we, in chasing the shadow, destroy the substance?

The chairman of one of our leading cement companies addressed his latest report in part to shareholders of the company, in part to its employees. In the part addressed to the employees, the chairman used a very telling calculation. He pointed out that his company required an average capital investment of £8,000 for each man it employed. And he showed that it took, again on the average, thirteen risk-taking Ordinary shareholders to find that amount of money. This, it seemed to me, was a pretty good way of expressing the mutual dependence of labour and capital. Without those shareholders, the employee would have no job; without the employee, the shareholders' capital would have been idle. It is no use trying to explain these problems in economist's jargon. But an advertisement, 'Good job for linotype operator willing to invest £2,750 in own linotype machine', might ring some bells, even in Fleet Street.—*Third Programme*

NEWS DIARY

July 23-29

Wednesday, July 23

Egyptian army led by General Neguib Mohammed seizes power in Cairo and compels the resignation of the Government

Qavam es Saltaneh, the former Persian Prime Minister, is arrested

Mr. Churchill makes statement in Commons about the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's claims in Persia

Thursday, July 24

Aly Maher Pasha forms a new Cabinet in Egypt. General Neguib Mohammed is confirmed in post of Commander-in-Chief

A Royal Commission on Scottish affairs to be appointed with Lord Balfour as Chairman

Sir Alexander Cadogan is appointed Chairman of the B.B.C. and the names of eight other members of the new Board are announced

The Prime Minister discusses wages with leaders of T.U.C.

Friday, July 25

General Neguib attacks 'parasites' in Royal Household. Six officials of King Farouk's Household resign

President of the United Steel Workers' Union calls off strike in the United States

Saturday, July 26

King Farouk of Egypt abdicates in favour of his seven-month-old son. Precautionary measures taken by British forces in the Suez Canal zone

The Democratic Convention in Chicago chooses Mr. Adlai Stevenson, Governor of Illinois, Chicago, as its Presidential candidate

Minister of Supply speaks of great progress made in the development of guided rockets

Sunday, July 27

Egypt reported calm after the abdication of King Farouk

H.M. the Queen sends a message of condolence to the President of Argentina on the death of his wife, Señora Eva Peron

Dr. Moussadeq, the Persian Prime Minister, promises a policy of wide-spread reforms

Monday, July 28

Government's plan for 'denationalising' the steel industry is published

Minister of Defence announces that Major-General S. N. Shoosmith has been appointed Deputy Chief of Staff to General Mark Clark, U.N. Commander-in-Chief in Korea

Tuesday, July 29

Mr. Churchill announces Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers to be held in November

Chancellor of the Exchequer opens debate in Commons on economic situation

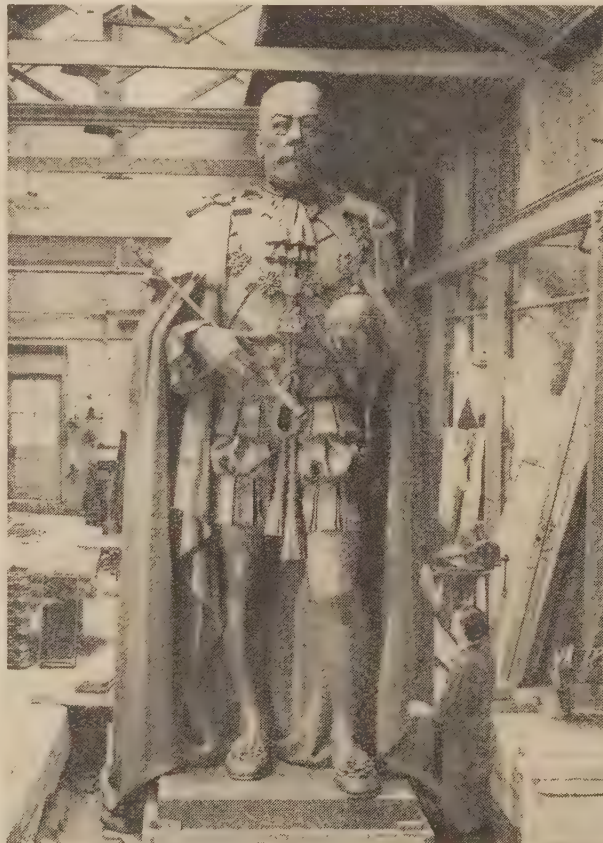
Wafdists promise support to General Neguib



On July 26, King Farouk of Egypt abdicated. General Neguib Mohammed (left), who directed the coup d'état which resulted in the abdication is seen with Aly Maher Pasha, the new Prime Minister



Señora Eva Peron, wife of Argentina who died last Saturday in humble circumstances. She was born in 1919 and played an active part in political affairs. She created a Fund which was used for relieving the poor. Last year the Argentine army caused her to withdraw her candidature as Vice-President



The bronze statue of King George V which has been ordered by the Australian Government for the Parliament buildings in Canberra after its casting in the foundry. The statue is the work of two Australian sculptors, the late J. E. Moorfield and the late C. Raynor Hoff. The casting was supervised by Sir William Reid Dick

Right: The Olympic Games opened at Helsinki on July 19. In the photograph Shirley Strickland of Australia is seen winning the final of the Women's eighty metres hurdles



The Canterbury Festival opened on July 21. The festival is being performed in the grounds of St. Augustine's





Early on Saturday morning Mr. Adlai Stevenson, Governor of Illinois, was chosen as the Democratic Party's candidate at their National Convention in Chicago. Governor Stevenson had expressed great reluctance to stand, but in the end he was 'drafted'



On July 23 H.M. the Queen paid an informal visit to the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, London. She spent an hour walking through the wards and talked to patients and nurses; among others she renewed acquaintance with the Sister who nursed her at Sandringham when she had measles. She is seen here about to leave the Hospital



pageant play 'The Enduring Stones' Augustine's Abbey; the scene shows blind woman



H.M. the Queen attended the Royal Windsor Horse Show, which was held in the Home Park at Windsor last week, and also presented prizes. Above, the musical ride by the Household Cavalry with Windsor Castle in the background



Emil Zatopek of Czechoslovakia winning the 5,000 metre race at Helsinki. He also won the 10,000 metre race and the Marathon



Ten-week-old triplets seen with their mother, the lioness, Judith, at the Bristol Zoo last week. This is their first appearance in an outside cage since their birth

The Planner and the Economic Crisis

(continued from page 164)

for hindering the nation's recovery. These arguments are not hypothetical; the planner of an industrial city is faced with this dilemma almost every day.

If we now turn to another aspect of development, that of social or cultural development, we find somewhat similar conditions operate. Almost all new permanent building work is concentrated on factories, schools, and houses. New permanent buildings in which the aim is to provide social or cultural facilities are now seen only in the pipe-dreams of local councillors or enthusiastic local committees. This state of affairs has existed for a good many years now, and is certain to last for a good many more. New estates are being built all over the country providing sorely needed homes but little else. The sites are there for the libraries, the clubs, the community centres, the swimming baths, and the public houses, but the permanent buildings designed for these sites cannot be realised, and the estates are socially barren. It may well be that a new generation will grow up on these estates, marry and move away to new estates, before the full complement of social facilities is provided. Conditions such as these cannot be tolerated in a modern community and, once again, therefore, people turn to makeshifts. Temporary buildings which can be erected with little or no skilled labour provide the solution, and when licences are not forthcoming for the erection of the buildings by contractors then the buildings are often erected by the enthusiastic members of the organisations themselves.

Here the planner is up against another dilemma—or is it the same one in different clothes? If he allows these temporary structures, he knows they are never going to be aesthetically satisfying and he must know, too, that they are not really going to be temporary in the usually accepted sense of the world. Many of these so-called temporary buildings cost almost as much as the equivalent permanent buildings, and most of the organisations catering for the social or cultural needs of a group of people are only just in a position to finance one building operation, and know full well that the likelihood of being able to demolish the temporary structure and erect a permanent building is very remote. If, on the other hand, he refuses to allow these tem-

porary buildings, he is, for the sake of his aesthetic principles, condemning the inhabitants of the estates to a life where social and cultural activities are non-existent or where the inhabitants have to seek their recreation in the over-crowded, and often unsatisfactory, buildings which exist in the older areas.

I have dealt with only two aspects of the effect of present economic difficulties on planning. The problems which I have been discussing are not, in essence, new problems; they are, I believe, age-old problems which have, as it were, been shaken from the subconscious to the conscious by the present crisis, and been very greatly clarified in the process. They involve consideration of fundamental planning principles, and questions as to what the planner should be aiming for are beginning to be asked in many quarters and in many different contexts. The density of residential development and the types of houses which should be provided, the extent of the publicly maintained open spaces (especially the small amenity areas which are part of the housing layout), the nature and extent of the social provisions, are all fundamental issues upon which opinions vary and on which many people comment in no uncertain terms, but often with little knowledge. The main difficulty which besets most people is that we, as a country, do not seem to know what the future holds in store for us. We all appreciate that conditions in the future are going to be different from those before the war, but exactly what are the conditions which will apply? What, for example, is going to be the effect of full employment on our building capacity? We are no longer a creditor nation with vast resources invested in foreign lands, and the need for exports on a very substantial scale is not, therefore, just a passing phase. What is going to be the effect of this on home investment, particularly investment which is non-productive in the material sense? These factors, and others like them, are going to affect our way and standard of living permanently. We have, therefore, got to readjust ourselves to these new features of life, and we may find that the way in which we are planning now is not necessarily going to be the way in which to further the interests and happiness of the people for whom we are planning.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Case for German Rearmament

Sir,—In his talk published in THE LISTENER of July 24 Mr. Pickles, in cataloguing the dangers of German rearmament, trots out what he calls 'the historical evidence of German psychology'. This we are to'd is based on an 'inferiority complex' and 'the Germans are jealous and envious of their neighbours and will seek to prove their superior strength if they can'. After conceding that the German socialists oppose rearmament and that the German Catholics 'dislike communism as much as anything' (whatever that means) Mr. Pickles goes on 'But men and parties change, while the pattern of German psychology and German behaviour has remained immutable for a century and a half'.

Well! Well! So our ancestors, who were firmly convinced, at least for the first forty years of Mr. Pickles' 150 years, that the liberties of Europe could only be safeguarded against the wicked French (Louis XIV, Napoleon and all that right up to the Fashoda incident of the 1890s) if the Germans kept an eye on them, were all wrong. For example, *The Times* leaders during and long after the Napoleonic wars were full of praise for

Prussia. Or is Mr. Pickles all wrong? or are our ancestors and Mr. Pickles both wrong in attributing any significance of substance to facile generalisations about 'national psychologies'?

I recommend students of this entertaining subject to read what we thought and said in Press and Parliament about Japanese national character from (say) 1898 to 1952; or what educated Indians said about us from 1880-1948; or our views about 'the Russians' from 1840-1952; or Anglo-American two-way traffic of opinion about each other 1800-1952. I suggest that even a casual investigation into these irrefutable evidences will suggest that the less said about 'national psychologies' as a basis for political action the less likely are we to have to eat our words within a decade or two.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1. STEPHEN KING-HALL

Portraits from Memory

Sir,—May I be allowed a few comments on Lord Russell's most interesting memories of Keynes? Lord Russell speaks with great authority, both as a lifelong friend and a wise man; this makes it the more needful that his words

should not pass unchallenged, if they are open to doubt.

My principal point is concerned with *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*. Lord Russell refers to the strong influence on Keynes of a certain Cambridge élite, leading to spiritual pride and lack of sympathy with ordinary mortals. 'There is a certain hard, glittering inhuman quality in most of his writings. There was one great exception, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*'. He refers also to a 'strain of intellectual arrogance making him find it not unpleasant to épater les bourgeois'. In his *Economic Consequences* this strain was in abeyance.

I would suggest that the exact opposite is true, that, of all his important works, this one bore clearest marks both of his superior Cambridge friends and of a certain tendency to personal arrogance. While these influences may have added to the brilliance of one of the finest polemics in the English language, and while Keynes was absolutely sincere in all he wrote under those influences, his work suffered from initial *parti pris* due precisely to the influence of the élite—from lack of appreciation of the

complexity of some of the problems and lack of ordinary human sympathy with the statesmen, who had to see matters through. Consequently future historians, while they will be impressed by the economic arguments, the art, and the burning sincerity of the work, are not likely to give it the same high rank as his other major works, from his great book on *Indian Currency* (written before the *Consequences*) to the *General Theory of Employment*, for remarkable selfless objectivity and unbiased quest for truth.

It is not the case that those works are 'hard, glittering and inhuman'. Lord Russell—who half hints that he has not read them—may be thinking rather of Keynes' general attitude in conversation, when away from the *élite*. But there again he is wrong, anyhow as regards one half of Keynes' adult life. Whether touring King's College farms or negotiating with Americans on momentous issues, although he could seldom resist a sharp wisecrack or rude retort, he gave no sense of lacking humanity or sympathy with ordinary mortals. This strain was not merely 'in abeyance', but long since extinct when he went to Bretton Woods.

There are some minor points, Lord Russell 'did not know what his business might be' on his flying visit to the Treasury on the outbreak of war in 1914, but implies that his main achievement was getting the bank-rate reduced. My evidence on the contrary suggests that his primary object was to secure that there should be the least possible restrictions on the convertibility of sterling. Lord Russell's anecdote in this connection that Keynes said that he was going by motor-bicycle because there 'wasn't time' to go by train might give a wrong idea of his character. After all, there had been a long delay in his getting the Treasury telegram, and the Sunday afternoon service from Cambridge to London may not have been very good. He was by no means enamoured of every latest gadget. It would have been much more typical of him to have refused a lift in a Bentley on the ground that a slow train would get him to his destination more efficaciously.

Finally, Lord Russell, referring to his last speech in the House of Lords, says that 'the effort must have been terrific, and it proved too much for him'. This is not so. It was a fine speech and had to be composed in great haste. But it was not beyond his normal range of capacity for quick and excellent performance. What proved too much for him was the long series of laborious, vexatious, and protracted negotiations, carried out in the United States before and after that speech; they were of an unprecedented character and of vital importance for this country.—Yours, etc.,

Washington, D.C.

ROY HARROD

The Trustee Becomes a Partner

Sir,—There is a lot of truth in Una Long's contention of a concealed and 'unwritten apartheid' in Britain. It is probably accurate to say that 'not many bank clerks are on intimate social terms with coal miners or dock labourers'. Nevertheless, I think she misses the point of *apartheid* in South Africa. It is not illegal in Britain for bank clerks and miners to live in the same streets. Nobody fines them or puts them in prison for sharing a bench in a public place or for travelling in the same compartment on the railway. There is no law against a poor man climbing by his own initiative to a position of great responsibility. I believe it is this fact which has allowed us to have our revolution with a minimum of bloodshed. If South Africa's coming industrial revolution is to be a peaceful one, there must be less sitting on safety-valves. The alternative is explosion.—Yours, etc.,

Fareham

JULIAN DUGUID

Sir,—Professor Arthur Lewis' recent talk in the Third Programme in the series 'Partnership in Africa', which is reproduced in *THE LISTENER* of July 17, contains many extraordinary statements, one of the most outrageous being his assertion that 'if there had been no settlers in East and Central Africa, the Africans would have progressed as rapidly as have the Africans in West Africa'.

No one who knows the area and recalls the conditions prior to its development by European enterprise of all kinds would deny that it is solely due to that enterprise that money has become available to provide the educational and other services so badly required by the Africans of these territories. Does Professor Lewis realise that only twenty-five years ago the Government of Northern Rhodesia was endeavouring to administer that territory of 300,000 square miles on a total revenue of little more than £500,000?

The revenue derived from these enterprises has risen rapidly in recent years to £23,000,000 and this has enabled the Government to embark on a ten-year development programme which includes the expenditure of substantial sums on social and economic services which could not otherwise have been attempted.

In the field of agriculture it is the progressive methods of the European farmer which have made Northern Rhodesia almost self-supporting in maize, the staple food of the African community, and the African is no longer confronted with the prospect of starvation, which was a common experience for him prior to the advent of the European.

It would not be out of place to mention that progress by the African in practical spheres is due to his association with the European, and without this association he would almost certainly revert to his previous precarious state of primitive existence. Perhaps this is what Professor Lewis is advocating.

Professor Lewis overlooks the fact that Africans of the West Coast have been in contact with Europeans for several hundred years where—as it is little more than half a century since the Europeans found the Africans in Central Africa scratching a poor subsistence from the soil—frequently suffering from hunger as a result of tribal wars—and without hope or idea of progress towards the standard of western civilisation.—Yours, etc.,

J. H. WALLACE

(Secretary, London Committee)

United Central Africa Association
London, S.W.1

The Gingerbread House

Sir,—Since neither Mr. Logan nor Mr. Wincott produce many figures to support their contradictory arguments it is difficult to choose between them. One can, however, on general grounds produce a framework into which their apparently contradictory ideas will fit. I confine my remarks to the effect of inflation on profits, and of high taxation on industrial capital, while omitting the effects of depreciation based on 'historic cost' discussed by Mr. Wincott.

In a period of domestic inflation those firms whose prices are not kept down by foreign competition, price control, or other means, will tend to make larger profits than those whose prices are kept down. Consequently the former firms find it easier to expand their capital resources than the latter.

This means that such capital as is created, whether less or more than before, is likely to be badly distributed. Those industries bringing invaluable foreign currency may, because of foreign competition, find it more difficult to expand than industries supplying the home

market with less essential goods and services. Thus the effect of inflation on capital created out of profits is not so much one of size but of distribution.

Taxation of company profits, whether high or low, reduces the amount of money available for capital equipment in these companies. Of the money collected in these and other taxes and spent by the Government some will be used for the formation of capital. But much of this capital will not be of a productive nature, as Mr. Wincott points out. A high rate of taxation, then, not only burdens the firms concerned, but increases the portion of our national resources which the Government can divert to productive or non-productive uses.

Yours, etc.,

Guildford

J. R. ALLARD

The Continuous Creation of Matter

Sir,—The difficulty your correspondent Charles Manning experiences about the explanation of the Astronomer Royal's observational horizon may perhaps be cleared up by the following:

Suppose a light signal be given out from the horizon 2,000,000,000 light-years away directed to your correspondent. In the first second it will travel 186,000 miles—the velocity of light—towards him. But at this horizon space is expanding outwards away from him at 186,000 miles per second. Hence the wave front will stay where the ray started and can never reach his eye. The 'cosmic curtain' has descended.

The stationary position of the wave front will resemble that of a passenger in a very long corridor-train walking at, say, 2 miles per hour along the corridor in the opposite direction to that of the train moving at the same speed. He could carry on a conversation with a porter standing still on the station platform—about his luggage!—Yours, etc.,

Ilford

FRANK WALLINGTON

The Nature of Scientific Theory

Sir,—Mr. J. E. A. Dunnage's letter, in *THE LISTENER* of July 24, contains some peculiar mathematics. A logarithm is the power to which some number (let us say 10) is raised to give another number, hence to find the power we must know this other number. Hence 2 log-pints would be 10 times 1 log-pint in units of volume, *ordinary* units of volume as we know them, and I cannot see how else it could be measured. Perhaps Mr. Dunnage can help? We have also the interesting fact that $\log 1 = 0$ to any base, hence if I ask the milkman for no milk I am actually asking for unit volume. We also have negative volumes of milk!

All this is mere mathematical jiggery pokery and a 'red herring'. The simple fact is that the limit is due to the linearity of the equation, which has been extrapolated beyond the range over which it is known to be valid; i.e., to the point where the graph crosses the abscissa. One might as well argue that if the temperature be reduced below 0° absolute the volume will be negative, i.e., the surrounding matter is destroyed.

With regard to Mr. Manning's letter I would point out that the observer is also in rapid motion and hence his analogy is imperfect. Further space and time are no longer Newtonian when dealing with such magnitudes as the Astronomer Royal had to deal with, and any conclusions based on the assumption that they are must therefore be in error. Mr. Hoyle dealt with this problem in his recent talks.—

Yours, etc.,

Maidenhead

F. V. BULL

The Giant Telescope at Mount Palomar*

By I. S. BOWEN

THE principal instrument of Palomar Observatory, with which I am associated, the 200-inch Hale telescope, represents the culmination to date of a type of telescope, the reflector, which has been peculiarly British in its development. Thus, the first reflecting telescope was built by Newton in the 1670s. Hadley, in the early eighteenth century, constructed the first reflector of such size and perfection that it was useful for serious astronomical observations. Other British astronomers—Herschel, Lord Rosse, and Lassell—a century or more ago constructed reflecting telescopes which, even today, would be considered large, and which opened up whole new fields of research to their astronomer builders.

The development of the reflecting telescope in America, which has occurred almost entirely in the present century, has been due to a large extent to the initiative and drive of one man, Dr. George E. Hale. Like Halley, after whom this lecture is named, Hale came from a family of independent means, and, also like Halley, he was provided with his first observatory by his father. This Kenwood observatory, located in Chicago, was equipped with a twelve-inch refractor. Hale attached to this telescope his newly invented spectroheliograph, which permitted the continuous investigation of

solar prominences without the aid of an eclipse, thereby revolutionising the methods then in use for the study of the sun.

Hale's results were so important and far-reaching that at the age of twenty-four he was called to head the department of astronomy at the newly organised University of Chicago. On assuming this new post Hale almost immediately initiated a campaign to raise funds for a large observatory. This resulted in the construction of the Yerkes Observatory with its forty-inch telescope, which was completed in 1897 and which still remains the largest refractor in the world. But a few years' work with this new telescope convinced Hale of the very serious limitation which the lack of complete achromatism placed on the effectiveness of the refractor for many of the problems of astrophysics then looming on the horizon. So he had constructed at Yerkes a small, twenty-four-inch reflector, and, again using family funds, ordered a glass mirror blank for a sixty-inch reflector.

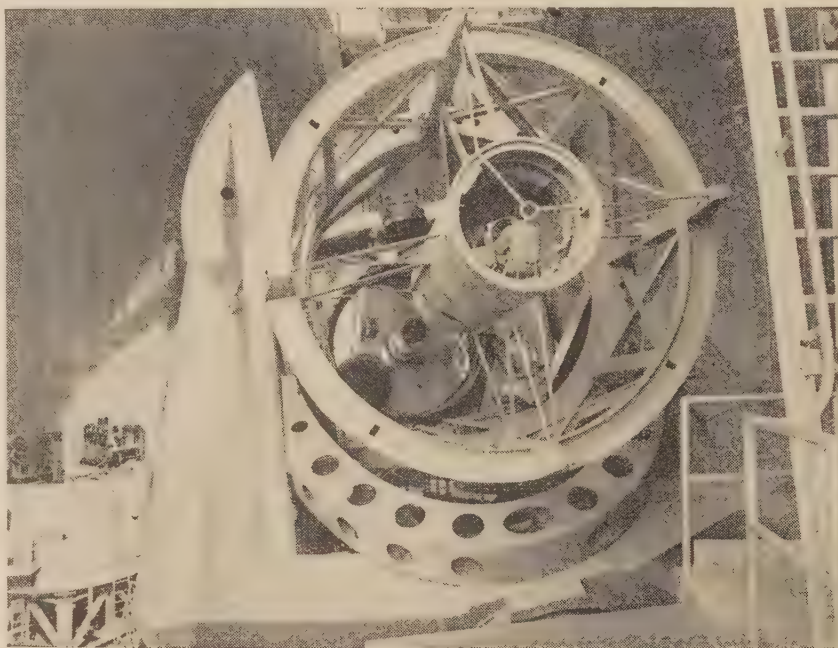
The other serious limitation on the effectiveness of the existing American telescopes (most of which were located in the eastern half of the United States) was that caused by the atmospheric turbulence. So Hale applied to the newly founded Carnegie Institution of Washington for financial support for an expedition to investigate 'seeing' conditions on a mountain top in the semi-arid, south-western part of the United States. The results of this expedition were so promising that the Mount Wilson Observatory was organised in 1904, as a permanent department of the Carnegie Institution, with Hale as its first director.

One of the first tasks of the new observatory was the grinding and figuring of Hale's sixty-inch disc and the construction of a mounting and dome for it. Completed in 1908, this instrument is still in regular

use on all clear nights. Even before the completion of the sixty-inch telescope, experiments were started on the casting of still larger glass mirror blanks. As soon as the success of the sixty-inch was assured these experiments were actively pushed and plans were made for the construction of a yet larger telescope of 100-inch aperture. This 100-inch telescope, somewhat delayed by the first world war, was completed in 1918. The effectiveness of this large instrument, located under a clear and unusually steady atmosphere, was at once shown by the observations made by Adams, Hubble, Merrill, Michelson, and many others.

New regions of space were opened up, and a new understanding of the structure and constitution of the universe was obtained from these observations. While many old problems were solved many new questions were raised and it soon became evident that many of the answers lay beyond the powers of the existing instruments.

Hale again took the active lead in the search for means to construct a still larger instrument. These funds were provided in 1928 through the gift of 6,000,000 dollars by the Rockefeller Boards to the California Institute of Technology for the construction of a 200-inch telescope. Hale was not content with raising funds for these new observatories. He took



The 200-inch Hale telescope at Palomar, showing an observer in the prime focus cage and the reflecting surface of the mirror

an active part in the planning and design of the new instruments. In particular, he was insistent that each new instrument should not be merely a large-scale model of older telescopes but that every effort should be made to introduce new and improved designs to take advantage of the latest developments in physics and engineering. A substantial part of the funds provided for each telescope was set aside for the development of new designs, for experiments with new materials, and for the construction of new types of auxiliary equipment. Thus in connection with the Palomar Observatory very extensive investigations were made of new mirror materials including fused quartz, heat-resistant glass and metal coated with enamel. Another of these studies led to the development of the process for evaporating aluminium on mirror surfaces, a procedure which has replaced the old silver on glass process for most large telescope mirrors. At all observatories started by Hale large machine and optical shops are maintained, even after the initial construction period, to ensure the continued flow of new auxiliary equipment as new developments in optics, electronics, or mechanics make new advances possible. Extensive studies were undertaken to find the best possible site for the 200-inch telescope. Unfortunately, since the establishment of the Observatory on Mount Wilson, Los Angeles and its suburbs located near the foot of the mountain have grown from a population of 200,000 to more than 3,000,000. The enormous increase in artificial lighting attendant on this growth has rendered the Mount Wilson site much less suitable, particularly for critical work in direct photography. So a large number of observations were made of meteorological and 'seeing' conditions at several sites in Southern California and Arizona. As the result of these

* A shortened version of the Halley Lecture given at Oxford on May 14

tests Palomar Mountain, a flat-topped mountain, 5,600 feet high, located 125 miles south-east of Los Angeles was selected for the site of the new observatory. Very appropriately, the 200-inch instrument has been named the Hale Telescope. Like most large, modern astronomical telescopes, from a technical standpoint it is not a telescope at all because it is practically never used for visual observations. Basically it is an instrument to collect light from a distant star, or other object, which may then be recorded by a photographic plate, measured with a photocell, or dispersed into a spectrum.

Arrangement of the Mirror

The main collecting element is, of course, the 200-inch mirror, ground and polished in the form of a paraboloid of revolution. The image formed by such a paraboloid is located in the centre of the incoming beam. In previous instruments it has been customary to use the Newtonian arrangement with a flat mirror to reflect the image to the side of the telescope where the observer could operate plate holders or other equipment without interfering with the incoming beam. In the present instrument the incoming beam is so large that a cage of sufficient size to accommodate the observer can be placed in the centre of this beam without obstructing an appreciable fraction of the light. All direct photographs of nebulae and other faint objects are taken at this prime focus: likewise spectroscopic studies of very faint objects use this same position. Unfortunately, the field of a paraboloid reflector is very small. In the case of a mirror like the 200-inch, the field of good definition is less than half-an-inch in diameter. One of the investigations sponsored with 200-inch funds was the design of a relatively small and simple lens system to be placed immediately in front of the plate to increase the size of the field of good definition. Dr. F. E. Ross, who was assigned this problem, has now succeeded in developing such lenses which yield well-corrected fields up to six inches in diameter.

For photography of relatively bright objects, like the moon, or for high-dispersion spectroscopic studies, several convex mirrors are mounted in the lower part of the cage, where the one desired can be moved into the converging beam from the main mirror just before it comes to a focus. A second one of these convex mirrors may be combined with a flat mirror to reflect the beam down the polar axis. Since the image formed by this combination is located on the polar axis it remains stationary as the telescope moves from east to west in following a star. This arrangement is used to collect light for large spectrographs or other equipment too large to be mounted on the moving telescope.

A few dimensions and weights may be given to show the scale of the instrument. The mirror is 201 inches in diameter and twenty inches thick and weighs fourteen-and-a-half tons. The mirror and observer's cage at the prime focus are mounted at opposite ends of the telescope tube having a length of fifty-five feet and a weight of 140 tons. To follow a star as it moves from east to west through the sky the telescope must be driven with great accuracy and smoothness about the axis parallel to that of the earth. The total mass that rotates about this axis is more than 500 tons.

It is evident that the designers and engineers were faced with all of the problems of a major engineering structure. Combined with this was the necessity of maintaining the accuracy of movement and freedom from flexure of a small laboratory precision instrument. One difficult problem was the provision of an accurate and smooth drive for turning the 500-ton telescope and yoke to follow the stars as they move from east to west in the sky. At all times the telescope must maintain its correct orientation with an accuracy of about 0.1 second of arc. To provide the essential smooth and frictionless bearings a design was introduced using oil pads into which oil at several hundred pounds per square inch is continuously pumped. The whole telescope, therefore, floats on a film of oil a few thousandths of an inch thick. The friction is so low that the whole 500-ton mass can be moved with one finger.

The mounting and figuring of the main 200-inch mirror posed the most difficult problem of all. As in all precision optics, the surface of all points of the mirror must have an accuracy of a few millionths of an inch. Furthermore, this accuracy must be maintained in all orientations of the telescope and under conditions of rapidly changing temperature. The very size of the mirror added greatly to the problem. Thus, whereas a small mirror of a few inches aperture can be given the conventional three-point support, the 200-inch would if mounted on such a support deflect by 500 to 1,000

times the permissible amount, as the telescope was moved from the horizontal to the vertical position. A satisfactory solution was finally found by floating the mirror at thirty-six points on as many lever type balances. Each balance was so designed that in all positions it exerted a force both parallel and perpendicular to the surface of the mirror equal to the corresponding component of the force of gravity on the section of the mirror assigned to it.

The grinding and preliminary figuring of the mirror was carried out in the optical shop in Pasadena, while the final figuring was completed in the dome at Palomar. The tests on which this final figuring was based were carried out with the mirror mounted in the telescope using the light from a star. All tests were recorded photographically, with relatively long exposures being used to average out any effect caused by air turbulence. By introducing this new procedure of testing the mirror in the telescope it was possible to avoid the unhappy results experienced with some recent large instruments in which the performance of the mirror in the telescope was much poorer than that to be expected from the laboratory tests.

In addition to the telescope proper, various types of auxiliary equipment have been constructed. These include a battery of spectrographs. These spectrographs range from a low-dispersion instrument of extreme speed for the analysis of the light of a very faint nebula to a long-focus, high-dispersion instrument for the detailed study of the light of a bright star. For the quantitative measurement of the star-brightness various photomultiplier tubes are provided in mountings which permit their accurate placement for the measurement of the brightness of stars often too faint to be seen visually with the telescope.

In spite of the fact that the funds for the new Palomar Observatory were given to the California Institute of Technology while the older Mount Wilson Observatory was controlled by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, there had been throughout the design and construction period the closest possible co-operation between the two groups. The telescopes on both mountains now form one pool of instruments available to all staff members and a substantial number of guest investigators from other institutions. The older Mount Wilson equipment is used for all problems or parts of problems that they are capable of handling while the 200-inch Hale telescope is reserved for observations that are beyond the powers of the smaller instruments. So the first priority in the use of the Hale telescope is given to fields in which the chief bar to further progress has, so far, been instrumental limitations. Of fields of this type one of the most important is undoubtedly the cosmological field, this term being used in the broad sense to include the study of the distances, dimensions, motions, and distribution in space of the extragalactic nebulae which we now recognise as being the chief large-scale structures out of which the universe is built. This field is more recently coming to cover also the study of the structure, internal motions, and stellar content of these nebulae.

Observations of Nebulae

The quantitative study of this field was opened up a quarter of a century ago when Hubble, using the 100-inch, resolved into stars the Andromeda and a few other nebulae of the local group, and was able to recognise two or three stellar types whose properties, including absolute magnitude, were known from examples in our own Milky Way system. This permitted for the first time the determination of the distance of these objects and led to the recognition that these objects are other stellar systems comparable in size and luminosity to our own Milky Way system. These early determinations of size and absolute total luminosity of these nebulae in turn permitted approximate estimates to be made of the distance of even the faintest of these objects that could just be observed. This led to an estimated range of 500-million light years for the 100-inch telescope. Unfortunately, these observations were at the limit of the powers of the 100-inch. Only a few of the closest nebulae could be resolved, and even in those few only two or three of the very brightest stellar types could be recognised. Many uncertainties therefore remained in all measurements because of the limitation in the size of the sample available.

For the past two-and-a-half years the Hale telescope has been in use on every clear, moonless night on a programme which is planned to make a systematic, step-by-step attack on the uncertainties that were inherent in the earlier determination of the distances, sizes, and distribution in space of these extragalactic nebulae. Other studies

are being initiated to investigate the structures and, in particular, the distribution over these structures of various stellar types. There are many steps in this programme, most or all of which must be completed before the various parts can be fitted together to yield the final answers. While several years will be required to complete these results, the following progress may be reported to date.

Already some 225 plates have been obtained of three regions of the Andromeda nebula and a substantial number of exposures have been taken of three dwarf members of the local group of nebulae. About 100 plates have also been exposed of a group of nebulae located at three or four times the distance of the Andromeda nebula. Baade and Hubble have already been able to identify substantial numbers of variables and novae in all of these objects, thereby insuring the applicability of these direct methods of distance measurement of these objects. Indeed, it is now estimated that the Hale telescope will make it possible to apply these direct methods to upwards of 1,000 nebulae.

To improve the accuracy of these distance measurements, redeterminations are being made of the absolute magnitude of the W. Virginis cepheids which are being used as the chief distance indicators. Furthermore, all distance measures of these objects depend, either directly or for calibration, on the comparison of the brightness of a distant and therefore faint object with that of a nearby, bright object of the same type. As a first and fundamental step in improving the accuracy of these measurements, Baum is redetermining the magnitude of standard stars in several selected areas using the new photomultiplier tube techniques. Errors of half a magnitude, or more than fifty per cent. have already been found in the earlier photographic determinations of the magnitudes of the faintest stars.

A substantial number of additional plates have been taken of the Andromeda and other nebula for a study of the distribution of stellar types over typical structures, such as the central condensation and the spiral arms.

Another important part of this cosmological programme is the study

of the motions of these nebulae. Earlier low-dispersion spectra of these objects, taken largely with the 100-inch, had shown that the spectra were shifted to the red by an amount proportional to the distance of the nebula. An interpretation of this shift as a Doppler shift led to the concept of an expanding universe. The phenomena and its implications has been discussed at length by Hubble. Since the completion of the prime-focus spectrograph for the Hale telescope in June, 1950, Humason has obtained more than seventy-five spectrograms. The most distant nebula observed, located in the Hydra cluster, showed a shift of the spectrum corresponding to a velocity of 38,000 miles per second, or more than one-fifth the velocity of light.

Finally, the installation of the large coude spectrograph in July, 1950, made possible the start of observations for the second of the observatory's broad programmes. This has for its purpose the investigation of the chemical composition, the temperature, the pressure, the motions, and other physical conditions in the atmospheres of stars including the planetary nebulae. Unlike the direct photography of the cosmological programme, these high-dispersion spectroscopic observations are not disturbed by moonlight. Consequently, about two weeks a month, centred about the time of full moon, are devoted to this type of observation. To date, a total of about 300 spectrograms have

been obtained, including more than twenty with exposures of three full nights each.

One large group of these spectrograms was taken for a study of the motions of various ions in the atmosphere of the planetary nebulae. Another group was taken of the long period variable stars. These stars vary in brightness through a 10- to 10,000-fold range. Older investigations had provided satisfactory information about the spectra of these stars during the brighter part of the cycle. Present observations are being made to extend this information through the fainter part. A third series of plates have recently been started by Babcock for the study of the magnetic fields in the stellar atmospheres.

—Third Programme



Nebula in Scutum Sobieski as seen through the Mount Palomar telescope

Song of the Mad Menagerie

I on whom the wild sun
Upon unvaried journey
Burned with jealousy
Because of my unreason,

Know I was legendary.
On straw I lie down.
Wise hand, be wary:
My rage is uneven.

In a cautious country
The wild shadows came down
As though athirst, came softly
And drank of the clear moon.

But the wind was tamed away,
But all the palms fell down.
The bright aviary
Sings, 'O daughters of Zion'.

Thirst is yet necessary:
The lean shade comes down
Of my own savagery
To slip my dry distraction.

Hands, befriend cautiously:
Now I pace alone
That mad menagerie,
The body behind bone.

W. S. MERWIN

Harriett Mozley's Tales for the Young

KATHLEEN TILLOTSON on John Henry Newman's sister

IT is unsafe to affirm that any books of the past are forgotten. If I say it of Harriett Mozley's four books, *The Fairy Bower*, *The Lost Brooch*, *Louisa*, and *Family Adventures*, I do so with every expectation of stirring up a hidden ant-hill of readers who have always known them. I believe there are such readers, although I have not met them. By 'forgotten', then, I mean neglected by almost all the official sources of knowledge: escaping, for instance, those two great drag-nets in the *Cambridge Bibliography*, 'Minor Fiction' and 'Children's Books'; unmentioned in histories of nineteenth-century literature; never reprinted; not in the London Library; appearing very rarely on the second-hand book market. There are two exceptions: the books are rather secretively listed under the Dictionary of National Biography's article on the writer's husband, and they are referred to, not very favourably, by a recent biographer of the writer's brother. But she was a person, and an author, in her own right—not just Tom Mozley's wife and John Henry Newman's sister.

'A Second Jane Austen'

Newman said 'the only fault' of *The Fairy Bower* was that it was 'too brilliant'. One need not discount this as brotherly kindness; he was not, at least after 1833, noticeably biased in his family's favour. Several reviewers saluted the author as a second Jane Austen; all agreed that her book was quite different from any other 'tales for the young'. In the years of its fame it was read, as we say, 'everywhere'. In London, in Oxford—both 'by the party of hot-headed folks' and others, such as Frederick Temple, then an undergraduate; in Low Church circles too, and even beyond (the author heard of a Unitarian 'enraged beyond expression' with it.) Everyone, in 1841, seemed to the astonished author to be buying or borrowing *The Fairy Bower*. 'I wonder how it is', she wrote shortly after publication, 'that only 1,000 copies can have spread so universally'. Two more editions were soon called for. Where, I wonder, are those 3,000 or 4,000 copies now? I can account for only half a dozen. They cannot all have been read to pieces. Do they linger on private bookshelves, in libraries inherited from grandparents, known and loved by quiet people who perhaps have been reading literature all their lives without knowing it? For it is one of those books kept and re-read not only for sentiment but because it grows with the reader; one of that long-lived class once defined by Henry James as books which mothers can read to daughters without either's being bored. But literature it is; as secure as its descendant's *The Heir of Redclyffe*, of which James was then speaking. As it is now 100 years this month since Harriett Mozley died, at the age of forty-eight, the occasion seems appropriate for attempting to reinsert her work into its niche in the temple of fame.

She wrote much more than the books I have named. But the complete evaluation of her work in some ten years of writing must await the recovery of all her anonymous tales, verses, and tracts. There is much flotsam which never reached even the harbour of the great national libraries. They do, however, contain the four books she wrote between 1839 and 1842: *The Fairy Bower*, *The Lost Brooch*, *Louisa*, and *Family Adventures*. She and her work deserve a full-scale study; there is ample material in the surviving family letters, which the present owner has generously allowed me to read and quote. But short of such a study there are several possible angles of approach. Her books might be explored for the sake of Newman himself—for what they may reveal of the early influences of a shared domestic life (they decisively dispose, for example, of that persistent legend of an Evangelical family background), and for what they may imply of the clash of these two strong characters—who were never, after 1843, to meet again. 'There is that in Harriett', Newman is reported as saying, 'which I will not permit'; and she wrote, in 1845: 'J. H. N. is like a man who has made a disgraceful match'. This biographical approach has been suggested by Miss Maisie Ward, and she is sure to have successors. But the use of Harriett's stories as *romans à clef*, besides being a doubtful compliment, requires caution.

Family Adventures was, indeed, founded on actual incidents and

seems almost to proclaim reminiscence by its use for five of its six child characters of the Newmans' middle names; but the author begged her sister not to 'fix the characters on any individuals . . . they are not meant so'. Then, the first two tales might be considered as documents in the history of the Tractarian Movement: *The Lost Brooch* was once intended to be called *The Young Theologians*. Both books do indirectly convey certain of those doctrines, still more what the slang of their circle called the *ethos* of the 'party'. They were published by Mr. Burns; their most favourable notices were in periodicals associated with the movement. But there are complications. Harriett was at no time at one with the movement; not only did each Romeward step drive her further back, but she had detached herself at a very early stage. She criticised some of the tracts severely, even to their writers, and in 1838, when proposing to dedicate a volume of verse to Queen Adelaide, she summed up her position:

The Queen Dowager and myself are now the two most independent persons in Her Majesty's dominions bound by no parties or politics so we may both do anything we please.

Moreover, she expressed a dislike of 'party' tales and novels, a dislike founded equally on disagreement with some of their principles and a shrinking from the overtly didactic method. There was 'a want of flexibility'; she desired 'books on sound principles, but *not dull*'. She quoted in mockery the High Church novelist Mr. Gresley, who said he would give up writing if his books were found amusing; and it was the artist who mocked. But neither did she care for the praise of those who found *The Fairy Bower* 'a very pretty inter-est-ing book'; she preferred those who wrote to ask her, 'What does it teach?'—though she could not easily answer them. And, again, this is the artist's preference. She might make use of party sympathies; but she was not primarily, even in initial impulse, a party writer. Her own principles, and her delicate method of imparting them in fiction, she never positively defined, other than by saying, 'I am pretty sure no principles can be illustrated without definite individual characters'.

'What does it teach?' The 'problem novel' or 'discussion novel', soon almost to dominate contemporary fiction, had hardly yet appeared. But one problem is at least posed in *The Fairy Bower*—that of child nurture and education in the wealthier classes. Home or school, governess or parents, liberty or prohibitions? The story incidentally illustrated many different methods, even occasionally canvassed them in grown-up discussion; but there are no easy answers. About a dozen children appear, aged from ten to sixteen and disposed between several families. There are five mothers and one governess (fathers are at a discount, so far as we from *The Fairchild Family*). But none seemed intended simply as a model or a warning. The relation of cause and effect is blurred, even as in life. The worldly mother who delegates her duties to grandmother, boarding schools, and nursemaids, and in holiday time lets the children rip, as long as they do not discredit her socially, has not (so far) obviously better or worse children than the strict mother who employs a governess, forbidding dancing, cards and dice, encouraging Bible puzzles and capping of texts. The governess is in some respects an amusingly modern 'model'; she supervises introspective journal-keeping, rewards sin with kindness and gifts.

'Reverence, but no Fuss'

But 'what does it teach?' If instructors are known by their fruits, hers are a very mixed crop; Mary Anne is vain and deceitful, Constance upright and intolerant, and Fanny a romantic goose. From the upshot of the story we are meant to conclude, I think, simply that there are limits to what education can do, and that it is better to attempt too little than too much; that reverence is due to the young, but no fuss. The most sympathetically drawn mother is the least anxious; but even she makes mistakes. The positive values suggested are, perhaps, 'reserve' in religious discussion, very early training in obedience to a very few rules, and a trust in the unseen world. The most obvious conclusion, because asserted on the level of plot, is the fact that hardly one of the elders understands the children, and not one is aware of what

is going on. For the grown-ups here are not guides through the museum of experience, like the Edgeworth and Sherwood parents, they are seen by the author with a more detached, even satirical eye. The shades of Mr. and Mrs. Bennet intrude upon the mother of Rosamund-with-the-purple-jar.

And here is a third possible approach to the book. It is a turning-point in the history of juvenile fiction, as was recognised not only at the time but a generation later:

They created the class of literature now termed 'books for the young', standing between the child's story and the full-grown novel. We do not mean that there were no such books before, but as a school they seemed to rise up in imitation of *The Fairy Bower* and *The Lost Brooch* . . . Anything so curiously clever and covertly satirical was impossible; something could be produced upon that same field.

It is an expert in that field who speaks: Charlotte Yonge, who elsewhere avowed her personal debt to the example of that 'memorable book', *The Fairy Bower*, which set up a 'wave of opinion' on which her own 'little craft' floated out. (Strange that the experts on Charlotte Yonge should overlook such acknowledgements.)

What was the novelty of *The Fairy Bower*? It is hinted in the preface:

an attempt rather to exhibit characters as they really are, than to exhibit moral portraits for unreserved imitation or avoidance . . . It introduces young persons to those scenes and situations of life which are their actual sphere and trial.

Recurrently, in tales for the young as in poetry, there must be a 'return to nature'. After the romances, Miss Edgeworth; after Mrs. Sherwood, Harriett Mozley and, on a distant but parallel path, Harriet Martineau; after Charlotte Yonge, E. Nesbit. Perhaps the next revolution is about due.

Not even here, however, lies *The Fairy Bower's* strongest claim to mature attention. Rather I would raise it above the smoke and stir of religious controversy, child-psychology, and literary history into the region of art. The critics who perceived 'another Jane Austen' were exaggerating, but not speaking at random. Nor was Tom Mozley, when he told his wife that her work was 'very good—but it is a novel'. She was put out; she did not really mean to be a novelist. 'Too deep for children, too shallow for grown-ups—just the unhappy medium', was what she feared she was tending towards. Her reviewers half agreed: 'her books are about, but not for, children'. But this fitted no category; no one in 1841 was writing 'about, but not for, children'. Her books, we now see, lie somewhere on that unmapped frontier that divides tales for the young from novels; only *Louisa* definitely crosses it, and earns the right to its title-page motto from *Sense and Sensibility*.

Jane Austen was admired by the author, indeed all but personally known to her. The overlapping of their social circles reflects a real, if limited, relation. Both affirm the moral value of a sense of the absurd. And Harriett has caught a certain economy in ridicule. Young Fanny is writing a poem:

'What were you going to say, my dear?'

Fanny said, some more verses, but she did not know what.

This Fanny, a minor but not unimportant character in *The Fairy Bower*, is a younger version of Catherine Morland, always relating her surroundings to the literary romance her head is stuffed with. When she protests that 'there can be no poetry or romance, if people always do exactly right . . . All the interesting stories one hears in real life which approach to novels owe their very existence to someone or other doing what is wrong', she needs a Henry Tilney; she gets something not too remote: 'Supposing this is so, Fanny' returned

Grace, 'it is no excuse for you and me doing wrong; we are not sent into the world for the purpose of making interesting stories'.

In the discussion raised by another of Fanny's vagrant impulses, the different world of the later and lesser writer is defined; her special position as critical observer of contemporary religious issues now underlies the comedy:

'Oh, I had rather be a nun than anything else in the whole world'.

'Really, Fanny, I am quite ashamed of you. . . . Don't you know that a nun is a Roman Catholic?'

'Oh, but a nun is the most unfortunate and interesting creature in the whole world!' cried Fanny, 'and they all look so miserable, and wander about and sing all night, and they wear long black garments, with a streaming white veil, and an immense long string of beads, with a cross at the end of it; and they go about curing all sick people, and binding up their wounds'.

'Fanny', cried Emily, 'What a medley you are making; I know what it is all from; I told you of a nun in one of Mrs. Ratcliffe's novels'.

'They would cut off all your hair', said Ellen, 'and then bury you, and shut you up in a convent, with bars, and you could never get out again' . . .

Fanny still persisted in her wish, if Isabella would be a nun too, and she said she would ask her.

There is a good deal of such interplay, but much more that simply establishes the diverse company of young people as lively, keen-witted, and boisterous. Mainly preoccupied with holiday fun, they 'think by fits and starts'.

The character through whose eyes much of the action and the finer moral distinctions are seen is the youngest and apparently most insignificant of them, Grace Leslie. Her situation is on one level simple enough to be 'for children': the first long visit to another family is a landmark in any small life. Grace spends a month of the Christmas holidays with the Wards, who have many other young visitors; her mother accompanies her, but deliberately stands aloof. For a mere child's tale, this has obvious possibilities; but the outward 'history of a month' (that is the sub-title) is but the gaily rippled surface of deep waters. For in that month Grace (like

Miss Bowen's Portia) discovers and partly recognises the world, the flesh, and the devil. In place, time, age of heroine (Grace is only ten) this world is miniature; but large dilemmas have to be faced, and heroic virtue attempted. *The Fairy Bower* is, in fact, that story that never goes out of fashion and can hardly be written too often: the story of the girl lost in a dark wood—the story of the Lady in *Comus*, of Fanny Price, Dorothea Brooke, and Isabel Archer. On whatever scale, with whatever ending, sad, happy, or undefined, its truth and pathos always tell.

The title misleads, by hinting at fantasy; yet it is the right title, for what is called the 'fairy bower' is not only central to the plot, it is the 'golden bowl': a trifle in itself, but a climax, a hinge, and a symbol. In plain terms, it is a drawing-room alcove artfully decorated for the festive evening that is the high spot of the month's diversions. But the scheme for its decoration arose from a sudden vision of Grace's impulsively and unfortunately communicated to an older girl, Mary Anne Duff, who 'wished very much to appear good and clever, and was always trying short cuts to both'. Here is a short cut: she announces the scheme and takes the credit. Grace misses the first step of the deception; then sees no moment to speak, and so becomes a party to the fraud, protecting Mary Anne, and tangling herself in a web of well-meant social and sentimental motives, her sensitive scruples making her feel responsible for the sin. The deception spreads into the baffling grown-up world; Mary Anne's new prestige con-



Harriett Mozley, with her husband and daughter, Grace: from a hitherto unpublished drawing by Maria Giberne (in the possession of J. H. Mozley, Esq.), made in 1841, about the time *The Fairy Bower* was published

tributes to the social elevation of her whole family. To speak now would be to bring crashing down an immense edifice. But the truth is suspected, notably by Grace's godfather (at times this story brushes against allegory). He first insinuates his suspicion, to the further confusion of the situation; calumny spreads (and a Harriett Newman would know what calumny can do) and then he makes the dramatic exposure. A lesser writer would have left Grace heroic and happy; but her tender conscience is dryly put in its place.

Grace was of a susceptible turn, and if her mind was not duly strengthened, she might grow into a meek, sentimental character; always ready to blame herself, and take other people's faults upon herself; falling at length into a state of mind most painful to herself, and useless or tiresome to everybody about her.

Everyone wanted to hear more of Grace and her friends. So the author wrote *The Lost Brooch*, with the same young people six years older. It cost her far more pains than *The Fairy Bower*, which was 'dashed off on my first impulse'. It has more social comedy, more intricate moral interest than her first story, but is less poetically suggestive; and, being a continuation of the same characters, it resembles most sequels, in satisfying more than it surprises. To succeed it she planned and partly wrote a much more controversial and harder-hitting tale; developing, one may guess, the satire on suburban Evangelicals, but this seems never to have been completed.

I long to be writing again, yet I feel pretty sure I have lost the power. I believe the Oxford folks have helped to put me in this state, for I feel as if every thing were about to be pulled to pieces.

That was late in 1841; the year of Tract 90; the year in which Harriett first foresaw Newman's future. In 1842 she did write again, but with a threefold change of direction. With *Louisa* she turned towards the novel, vividly displaying the social errors of an impulsive young bride, a slave to unconventionality, who deliberately visits the 'wrong' families in the belief that vulgarity implies goodness of heart. There is here no problem and no controversy: social comedy has won. But this story, which confirms her place in the Austen tradition, had no successor. She also wrote *Family Adventures*, intended for young children; but it lay unpublished for ten years, perhaps because its personal reminiscences seemed inopportune. But most of her literary energies went into juvenile journalism, so carefully anonymous that it is still largely untraced. These three 'different lines' were, she said, to be 'kept distinct'. This last line alone continued for a few years more.

That the progress of the novelist should cease is disappointing but not, I think, evidence against the genuineness of her gift. It is evidence rather of the difficulties of the divided life; and of certain difficulties peculiar to her and her time. The very success of her books disturbed her, as a threat to her domestic privacy, making her feel self-conscious in society; for a lady to be known to write was not yet a matter of course. The three memorable books were a brand from the burning. They took a toll of her always delicate health; months of feeling 'hunted' by proofs and reviews left her chronically sleepless, and there were her other anxieties. As sister, wife, and mother she could still write little tales and tracts, and contribute to the Mozleys' fourpenny magazine (edited first by Anne Mozley, then by Charlotte Yonge), but after 1842 serious writing proved no longer possible. She was the sister of three incompatible and difficult brothers—John Henry, Frank, and 'poor Charles'; the first alone could have been a full-time occupation for the thoughts in 1843-5. She was the wife of the brilliant, impetuous Tom Mozley, always in and out of hot water, a hard-up clergyman in Oriel's worst living at Cholderton in Wiltshire, building a great new church against the wishes of his squire, alarming all shades of opinion with the *British Critic*, which he edited from the parsonage; and, in 1843, to Harriett's agony, threatening to 'Romanize'. Newman advised him to think it over for two years; but as Tom said long after, he never could concentrate on one thing for ten minutes. So Harriett was saved; and Tom embraced his true destiny, in the top flight of journalism. He left the Tractarians and gradually migrated to *The Times*, after some years unsuitably divided between his parish and Printing House Square. When he became a chief leader writer in 1847 there was at least prosperity, but still less leisure; domestic and social life in Guildford Street proved even more exacting than on Salisbury Plain.

Harriett was not unhappy, did not protest. She had her own Grace—'my *live* daughter Grace', born in 1839—to guide through the labyrinth of growing up. The novelist survived only where many more mute inglorious Jane Austens survive—in letter writing. She seldom referred to any other writing. 'I must have more sympathy before I could write again'. She saw the influence of her books at work, but as

she thought, often distorted; 'the Guy Fawkes of Grace Leslie in these books is inexpressibly unpleasant'. Both her beliefs and her art seemed for the time lost causes in the world. By 1847 her publisher Burns had 'Romanized' too; he could publish her brother's *Loss and Gain* but no more manuscripts of hers. She was, besides, changing her mind about the Evangelicals. They seemed no longer the Duffs, right-thinking but limited people in whom she would try to inculcate a salutary sense of the absurd; they now seemed the only upholders of true Church principles. 'The Oxford movement, or rather its movers, have weighty things to answer for', she wrote in 1846. Not of herself; she was a detached enough spectator of the Oxford movement by then. She might have come to think that gain out-balanced loss, had she lived. But at times I wonder if one of the 'weighty things' the Oxford movement had to 'answer for' was the loss of a distinguished novelist.—*Third Programme*

Ulladare

Down by thy waters, Ulladare,
A cedar gloomy and profound
Bids the north wind awaken there
How sad a sound!

No exile's harp-strings could entice
Sorrow so heedfully as this
To wake with music memories
Of bygone bliss.

Then what far peace, to me unknown,
Seems by that gently lipping wave,
That shrouded tree, to brood upon,
Unless the grave?

WALTER DE LA MARE

The Island

It almost seemed they had waited a long age
For the wonder of our coming, the island birds;
And when we came, like children flocked around us,
Jostling and chattering, excited beyond words.

We had not expected a welcome such as this—
The curious tern peering into our faces,
The ceremonial bow of the albatross,
Flycatchers snatching our hair for their nesting-places.

This was an alien world, locked out of time,
And we who had sailed there on the shifting winds,
What could we do but marvel? Such gentle breeds,
Such rare and radiant creatures, charmed our minds.

We thought of the continents, our rackrent homes,
Our children in piteous poverty, the wars
Of hunger and pride and power . . . Now it seemed
Forgotten Eden had opened wide its doors.

We stepped ashore, amazed. Then ferried over,
As from an ark, our chattels, a snorting band
Of cattle and randy goats. From the holds
The stowaway rats swarmed up and swam to land.

And all began—the ebony forests falling
To axe and mattock, centuries scorched away
At the touch of tinder, fabulous cargoes leaving
With our children's heritage, day after day.

Were we to blame, caught in such fierce endeavour,
That we never saw how we struck creation down:
The shimmering birdsong dying out at nightfall
Never to be reborn, grass turned to stone?

Were we to blame? We did not think so then,
But now we are driven out we know our blame.
On distant shores our fortunate kin await us.
When they jostle to greet us, how shall we hide our shame?

J. C. HALL

Art

A Great Draughtsman

QUENTIN BELL on Charles Keene

THE exhibition of drawings at the Arts Council Gallery in St. James's Square is very well worth a visit. Here are pictures which must surely please and may well astonish a public which, as it would appear, has hardly realised how great an artist we have in Charles Keene. There must, it is true, be many who indulge the agreeable habit of browsing through old volumes of *Punch* and who will be delighted to claim acquaintance with a large number of old friends. They will find those wonderfully tipsy-looking drunks waging a sketchy, but cheerful, struggle against an impossibly chaotic universe, the unmilitary volunteers, the stout ladies in bustles, the cabbies, the urchins, and the policemen; but although, thanks to the wonderful skill of the nineteenth-century engravers, something of the robust inner life and the entirely convincing character of these personages survives upon the printed page, here, in St. James's Square, they are entirely transfigured and the enthusiasm of the many critics who have acclaimed Charles Keene as a master, may be readily understood. The drawings hang as they left the artist's hands, executed with all the delicacy and freedom in the world, and it becomes apparent that Keene, while drawing to please his editor and his public, drew also to please himself, doing work the fine and rapid quality of which could not possibly be reproduced by a wood block, works which the public might perceive to be good, but which, in fact, were great.

It would be interesting to place a number of Du Maurier originals beside those of Keene; but even without doing so, and while relying entirely upon the printed versions, one may draw some instructive conclusions from a comparison of these two artists who, for a generation, supplied the greater part of the jokes in *Punch*. Both were skilful and gifted draughtsmen, both had some merit as painters, both frequently made use of *facetiae* which, to us at all events, seem almost unbelievably flat, and both could on occasion produce drawings which not only served but completely expressed a good joke. But whereas Keene was an observer, one who looked with attentive delight at nature, at that homely aspect of it which Van Gogh described as: 'people in the street, in third-class waiting rooms, by the seaside or in hospitals', Du Maurier, with his lively literary imagination, his poetic sensibility, and his love of social refinement, became more and more of an idealist, less and less of an observer. The pleasing disposition of masses, which graces his earlier work and which approaches, but does not equal, Keene's vivid apprehension of light and shade, is lost in his ever growing interest in abstract types—the professional beauty, the duke, the professor, the bounder, and all the rest of his galaxy of social creatures. These develop farther and farther from reality until they become

mere *clichés* and at last cease even to be skilfully executed. In them we have the triumph of an idealistic, and in a very real sense, an abstractionist art.

It was said of Keene that 'he could not draw a lady'. Inasmuch as 'a lady' is a fiction, the expression of a social ideal and not a solid animal of flesh and blood, he could not. He was a realist with

an aesthetic passion for observed facts, and, unlike Du Maurier, he was never tempted to beautify them. As Sir Kenneth Clark has pointed out in the catalogue, his work improved to the last, his interest in the visible world increased, and, as it happened, his world was not at all smart. How far that interest extended and what delicate subtleties of form and light he discovered in it, may be judged from this exhibition, and especially from those studies which were not intended, or not directly intended, for *Punch*. Consider, for instance, with how much affectionate attention to detail and yet with how



'Stubble Field with the Ruins of Dunwich Abbey', by Charles Keene: from the exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery

broad a vision, he has drawn a study of a crossing sweeper (No. 7), how well and how boldly he has conveyed the illumination and the depth of shadow in his very free study called 'The Music Room' (No. 49). But perhaps the most remarkable of his works are the Suffolk landscapes in which he shows a feeling for light and space that reminds one of Seurat, or of the drawings of Van Gogh, from whose expressions of admiration I have already quoted.

Keene's was, in a sense, a limited talent. He never developed those gifts as a painter which we may infer from the charming self-portrait in the Tate; nor was his *genre* extensive. Nevertheless, between the death of Turner and the emergence of Sickert, England produced no other artist of comparable genius.

Modern herbals cannot be taken so gravely as their compilers would like. For one thing, so many of the remedies they contain are, if harmless, of little use or less use than a shilling's worth of dispensation from the doctor. Proof is anathema to the herbalist; statistics and controlled tests belong to a world of reason and science he—or more likely she—never enters. Mrs. C. F. Leyel's green-jacketed herbals roll out, and the newest is *Green Medicine* (Faber, 35s.). 'It shows the importance of chlorophyll for the general health', plant by plant. Nettle is a fair sample. Poetical quotations from Aaron Hill, Miss Sitwell, Chaucer. Then names, followed by Dominion (Mars), Symbolisation (You are spiteful. Cruelty), Habitat, Constituents, Action. Last, a brief compilation of bits and snips, including some misinformation about the Roman Nettle, 'which grows'—it does not, being extinct—'in the eastern counties near the sea', and a Russian recipe for using nettles, sorrel, and spinach. Mrs. Leyel goes to many odd sources of misinformation, some of them as reliable as a bestiary of the Middle Ages. Etymology, for example, is a very weak suit. Nevertheless, the mixture has its atavistic charm; and many of the recipes are worth trying.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Survey of International Affairs 1947-

1948. By Peter Calvocoressi.

Oxford. 45s.

Documents on International Affairs, 1947-1948. Selected and Edited by Margaret Carlyle. Oxford. 70s.

IT IS A PLEASURE to record that Chatham House has now resumed publication of its *Surveys of International Affairs*. The current volume for which Mr. Peter Calvocoressi is responsible and which deals with the years 1947 and 1948, is a worthy member of that family of *Surveys* on which we came to depend in the years between the two world wars. This is all the more remarkable in that the compiler's task is immeasurably more difficult today than it was in the decade up to 1939. There was much that was obscure in those pre-war years of crisis when Germany menaced the peace, but we did have a hard core of facts to work upon in assessing German aims and policies.

We are not so fortunate today since our sources of independent and reliable information about Russia, whose policy is now the main threat to peace, are lamentably slight. A change in Russian tactics or even a shift of emphasis in Russian diplomacy may well be visible to the naked eye; but the circumstances that provoked it or the necessities that dictated it are clothed in mystery. A great deal that is written about Russian foreign policy therefore tends to be highly speculative.

Mr. Calvocoressi is careful to make this point in his chapter on Russo-American relations. 'Discussion of Russian policy', he writes, 'rests to a disquietingly large extent on deduction and assumption'. In his Introduction to the new *Survey*, Professor Toynbee himself strides recklessly into this speculative field. He suggests that the Russian reaction to the Marshall offer of June 5, 1947, might well have been different if it had preceded, rather than followed, the Truman offer to Greece and Turkey, made on March 10, 1947. Mr. Calvocoressi, more cautiously, hints at the same possibility. There is no justification for these suggestions. Nor can it be said that there is any evidence to substantiate Mr. Calvocoressi's statement that 'the Hiroshima explosion was a bombshell in the Kremlin... (It) was a bitter psychological blow'.

What is no doubt a more serious weakness is the *Survey's* failure to deal adequately with the economic problems that have dominated the diplomacy of the major powers since the end of the war. There is, it is true, a short chapter on 'The Economic State of Europe' by Professor Hawtrey. But it stands as an annexe to the main narrative. To the present reviewer it seems of cardinal importance to explain that the comparative weakness of British and French diplomacy in 1947 and 1948 had its origins in economic weakness; and that the Russian thrust beyond the marchlands of Tsarism followed inevitably upon the Kremlin's belief that the Western world would be engulfed in an economic catastrophe as soon as demobilisation got under way. Mr. Calvocoressi does not ignore these points, but he fails to give them the emphasis they demand. He makes a great deal of the war damage suffered by Russia to explain Mr. Molotov's harsh insistence upon German reparations at the Moscow Conference early in 1947. Would it not be reasonable to add that the semi-famine that prevailed over large parts of European Russia in 1946-1947 made the need for reparations even more insistent? And that it compelled Mr. Molotov (to judge by the re-

ports of his speeches published in the Soviet Press) to prove to his own people that he was trying to get a little something for them out of the Conference? One month before the four Foreign Ministers met in Moscow the *Manchester Guardian* reported that 'many people in Moscow are beginning to show signs of malnutrition... The Russian civilian is having a much harder time today than a year ago or even during the latter stages of the war'.

The Kremlin continued to be buoyed up by the hope that conditions in the West would soon be worse. In April, while the Conference was still sitting, Mr. Stalin questioned Mr. Stassen about the coming storm. 'Is not an economic crisis expected in America?' he asked. 'Magazine analyses and the American press' he added, 'carry open reports that an economic crisis will break out'. The Marshall offer, two months later, threatened to blow the crisis sky-high. Among the motives that inspired it, wrote the Parliamentary Correspondent of *The Times* on June 7, was 'a growing anxiety in American business circles that the failure of European markets, combined with falling prices at home, might lead to a slump'. So Mr. Molotov and his wrecking gang flew to Paris to destroy the Conference convened by Mr. Bevin and M. Bidault. Such were the economic forces and considerations that forged the diplomatic problems of 1947 and, *mutatis mutandis*, of 1948. It is to be regretted that the *Survey* deals so casually with problems that were so fundamental.

It would be ungracious to end on a note of criticism. In fairness to Mr. Calvocoressi it must be observed that the defects noted above are structural defects for which ultimately the editorial planners are responsible and not the author. The 'Documents' have been arranged and selected with the usual high skill and nothing of importance seems to have been left out.

Memoirs. By Franz von Papen.

Translated by Brian Connell.

Deutsch. 25s.

The criticism of Papen as a friv'ous bungler began as long ago as 1916 when he let secret documents on his anti-American activities fall into the hands of U.S. Intelligence, and it has continued ever since with a growing tendency to add to frivolity, malevolence and treachery. It was natural he should write his defence and equally that he should make it an apologia for his life. According to these pages he was a perpetually misjudged man who had but one idea in his mind: to restore Germany to her place among the nations. He never bungled anything in the U.S.; that was a subordinate's fault. He joined the Centre party rather than enter his natural home, the extreme Right, not to wreck the former, but to create with the latter a great conservative movement broad-based on the masses as well as the classes and wedded to the idea of service, piety and paternal government if possible under the monarchy. He betrayed no one—neither Bruening, nor Schleicher nor Hindenburg; it was the fault of others that the first had to flee for his life, that the second was murdered and that the third 'let in' Hitler. They all made mistakes but not he; the only mistake he made was a misjudgment of Hitler who basely deceived him. He had nothing to do with the rape of Austria; his hands in Turkey were immaculately clean; a loyal German patriot he stood by the man who as ruler of Germany murdered his most intimate collaborators and

spared Papen himself less from contempt than from appreciation of his services.

It is all too good to be true. Possibly his memory has betrayed him, but on this history of the 'Papen period' which occupies by far the most important section of the memoirs the most charitable verdict is that it is very individual but contradicts much earlier evidence, part of which emanated from himself. The ends he sought to serve may not have been selfishly personal but they were ends which only a selfish man could have followed, and when to selfishness is added a complete incomprehension both of politics and of the situation in Germany, the explanations he furnishes cannot be taken too seriously. Either he did not understand Hitler and the forces behind him, in which case he was not fit to be in politics, or, understanding them, he either foolishly believed that he could control the whirlwinds, or deliberately trifled not just with the fate of Germany but with the welfare of the world. As history these memoirs will not stand up to critical examination; as a contribution to the psychology of the class which was for a generation Germany's bane and ultimately her ruin they have a unique interest. They help towards the solution of the mysteries of the 'thirties more than any other document, but the solution is not the one in which Papen with all the sincerity of insensibility appears still to believe.

Bolivar. By Salvador de Madariaga.

Hollis and Carter. 45s.

In a long philosophical and historical essay on the Spanish empire in America, published five years ago, Don Salvador de Madariaga, who had already written biographies both of Columbus and of Cortés, showed himself deeply concerned to vindicate the empire against the charges of its foreign detractors. His new book seems to reflect a similar anxiety, though this time the enemies to be confuted are not external but internal. They are the revolutionaries, or separatists, as Don Salvador prefers to call them, who destroyed the empire in the first quarter of the nineteenth century and founded on its ruins the modern Spanish American republics. Two of them, San Martín and Bolívar, stand pre-eminent; each, from his own day to this, has suffered from extravagant eulogy and extravagant abuse; and of Bolívar, who, whatever else he may have been, was certainly a man of genius, Don Salvador's interpretation is, in effect, the most sustained indictment that has yet appeared.

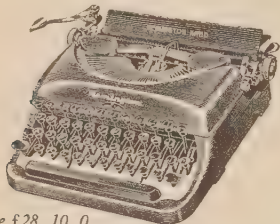
Whether it is just is another question. Don Salvador, of course, knows his sources. Unlike Herr Ludwig, he has visited the archives of two continents and is familiar with the printed documents and the secondary literature—except, apparently, that which has been produced in the United States. From him we expect to find, and do find, brilliant and penetrating passages, though, for the general reader, a book of more than 700 pages, weighing nearly two and a half pounds, and full of intricate (and sometimes confusing) detail, is no light dose to swallow. But an uncomfortable doubt constantly obtrudes itself. Has not Don Salvador found what he wanted to find? The history of Bolívar, he very rightly observes, is 'bound to bristle with difficulties'. But does it help to solve them when he repeats, with obvious relish, what he half admits to be a quite preposterous anecdote which is greatly to Bolívar's discredit, or when he dismisses simply as 'imaginative propa-



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Notes—(1) One word such as 'unreadable' will do, but is unlikely to win a prize. (2) Members of the staff of Ernest Benn Ltd. are excluded from this offer. (3) The Editor's decision is final and he cannot enter into correspondence about reviews or prizes.

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ganda' one of the most notable of Bolívar's political pronouncements? And what confidence are we to place in Don Salvador's judgment when he apparently expects us to believe that the last great battle of the wars of independence, costing, incidentally, hundreds of lives, was no more than a 'comedy'? Or when he tells us that Spanish America, 'opulent while Spanish', sold away its 'economic independence as soon as its political independence allowed it to do so'?

'Sentiment, idealism, drama, flamboyance, sensuality, eloquence, egotism, realism, brutality, mercy, compromise, courage, generalship, vision, and statesmanship', all of these, it has been said, were present in the man who was the Liberator of half a continent. It has been reserved for Don Salvador to deny to Bolívar this last great title and to discover that the sole impulses which actuated not only Bolívar but also San Martín were 'Napoleonic ambition and *mestizo*'—a question-begging word—'vindictiveness'. And, really, Don Salvador knows no moderation. 'It so happens', he tells us, 'that neither Bolívar nor San Martín can be understood until they are both "recognized as replicas of the Napoleonic archetype . . . one episode may well be singled out which in both lives outshines the others: the crossing of the Andes. In both cases, there were topical reasons sufficient to explain the operation. But deep down, the original impulse was the passing of the Alps by the secret archetype of both". Don Salvador doubtless knows this. But, for ourselves, we find the topical, or topographical, reasons sufficient. It is indeed a pity that so interesting a book, constructed on such a scale, should be marred by such serious faults.

Poems of Francois Villon

Translated by Norman Cameron.

Cape. 10s. 6d.

It seems that a language must continually crave for the poets it most conspicuously lacks. Homer and Catullus, Baudelaire and Villon have to be translated into English again and again. The translation can never be a successful transference of poetic value, but the content continually raises the temptation to find English words for it. Villon, being one of the most difficult poets in this respect, is one of the most tempting, and he has tempted an English poet, Mr. Norman Cameron, to undertake a translation of all but one or two of the minor poems.

Villon wrote in a form which has never been a vehicle for great poetry except his own. His triumph over its difficulties is that of a virtuoso, a tight-rope walker. He keeps a marvellous, knife-edge balance while swaying freely and easily between flippancy and deadly earnest. He has the completest freedom of tone and gesture. Obviously, and again and again, his words are dictated by the rigours of his rhyme-scheme, and yet his poetic agility makes the meaning his own. There is no greater demonstration in all poetry of the rewards and discipline of rhyme. The translator has to encounter the same rigours at second-hand, and the discipline increases in inverse proportion to the rewards. No wonder Mr. Cameron, while retaining the forms—and Villon's poetry is inconceivable without them—had to give himself the maximum licence in other respects. He has chosen to write what he calls seventeenth-century English, which happens in the event to be any English he chooses to suit the meaning and tone of the original. For a seventeenth-century reader it would be full of very strange locutions. They at least have the consistency of one individual's choice.

Even with these helps, the poet is sorely put to it for rhymes, and as will often happen when difficulties crowd, he finds others that are simply not there. Why, for instance, must he translate

'carillon' by 'quadrilion' which he explains in a note is *medieval latin* for a quaternary of bells? Every reader knows what a carillon is. And since the translator was for once given a heaven-sent rhyme for Villon's name, why must he look past it? Readers in general will probably approach this book by looking up the versions of the most famous ballades, and if so they will begin with the worst impressions. Mr. Cameron's translations of these are much inferior, on the whole, to the rest. His 'Ballade of Ladies of Bygone Time' has nothing of the nostalgia and mischief of the original, of which Rossetti's version preserves at least a trace. His 'Epitaph' is pedestrian. But the reader who wants to know Villon's quality must know the whole work. The supreme moments of the poetry occur, not in the famous pieces, but haphazardly in the text of the two Testaments. That text, we know, is often thick with recondite allusions and jokes now irrecoverable, but the poetry has survived Villon's private jokes. It is here that the translator, being a little less severely disciplined by the original, attains a certain ease and agility of tone. The result is readable and lively, often making plausible and easy sense where the original is obscure and its austerer editors will not allow more than a conjectural meaning. But why should the translator falsify something so simple as '*Je lui donne ma librairie, et le Rommant du Pet au Deable*' to

To him I leave my library

Which doth comprise the Pet au Deable?

Confusion is made worse in a note which does not mention that the *Pet au Deable* is a lost work by Villon—a fact which the bewildered reader might otherwise have just gathered from the text. Criticism might pick over many such faults at leisure. Nevertheless this translation should satisfy many readers who are curious to have a 'picture' of Villon and his time, and who feel unable to approach the original. Such a picture is better conveyed in the poet's own work than in all the studies of him that have been written. And where the details of the original picture are elusive it is not surprising if there are more near misses than hits in the copy.

The World of Silence. By Max Picard.

Harvill Press. 12s. 6d.

This is generally considered to be Max Picard's crowning work. Certainly he has concentrated in it the essence of his message to a distracted world. In all the books which he has written during the last thirty years he has stressed the incoherence and discontinuity into which modern man has fallen in an age which has lost its roots in being and so is inorganic in its becoming. Silence, for him, is not the mere negation or absence of speech. It is a positive and complete word in itself, with no beginning and no end. 'It is like uncreated, everlasting Being'. The true word is born of it and dies into it, as does every truly creative act. But words and acts which have lost their necessary relationship to silence are merely determined by each other and strive with ever diminishing success to live by their own vitality. 'The tongue we speak today', he remarks pregnantly, 'is no longer a mother-tongue but rather an orphaned tongue'.

In some of the later sections of his book he gives examples of human speech that was still at home in silence, poetry, the fairy story, proverbs or classical tragedy. He illustrates the same at-onement in the plastic arts and he finds it in nature and in those who have lived close to nature and, like the peasant, worked humbly with her. He contrasts this with the industrialised world of today, with its incessant verbal noise which tries to cover a soundless emptiness because words have ceased to rise out of silence or give meaning to it. And he considers radio

to have completed the destruction of silence which only exists now for countless people as 'intervals between radio-noises'. By denying altogether the selective capacity of the listener he overstates his case. But there is enough truth in his assertion that radio educates man *not* to listen to words to give substance to his indictment.

The value of his book, however, lies less in its diagnosis of disease than in its healing power. It contains the concentrated meditation of a poet and a man of faith whose thought is charged with living insight. His words, to borrow his own phrase, come from the place where silence is listening. That gives them the freshness and fullness of the newly created. They restore our sense of first and last things.

Society and the Homosexual

By Gordon Westwood. Gollancz. 9s.

One of the most difficult situations which can embarrass a conscientious reviewer is a bad book written in support of a good cause. Should the reviewer commend the book for its excellent intentions, and pass over the fact that its arguments are mostly unsound, its data inaccurate and its logic faulty? Or should he devote his space to correcting the errors of argument, data and logic, and ignore the praiseworthy theme which is supported in so dubious a fashion? Should he try to persuade people to read a book which contains hardly a single page with which he is in whole-hearted agreement? or suggest that the book be ignored, although it advocates in a popular and understandable manner a desirable course of action?

In the light of contemporary educated opinion, male homosexuals are among the most oppressed of minorities in Anglo-Saxon societies. They are almost without civil rights, a standing invitation to the blackmailer and extortionist, as the Negro is to the lyncher in some other parts of the world. The legal sanctions which punish so drastically the private behaviour of two adult males no longer derive support from popular acceptance of Old Testament anathemata or even popular psychology; it is chiefly inertia (it would seem) which keeps the present anachronistic laws on the statute book, and propaganda for their repeal is to be commended. The example of Denmark could be quoted (but is not by Mr. Westwood) to demonstrate the groundlessness of the fears that the removal of legal sanctions against male homosexuality would result in a great increase of the practice.

The case for the repeal of the punitive laws (when public decency is not offended nor minors corrupted) must rest chiefly on the ethical sense of the community, in the same way that, for example, the laws against witchcraft or the position of the common informer have been reformed. If, by contemporary standards, the law is an unjust one, it should be reformed or repealed irrespective of the number of people it affects. The lawlessness of totalitarianism shows how important it is for the preservation of democracy that the Law should not be brought into disrepute; bad laws, unforeseeable laws, and laws which the public (or a sizeable portion of it) flouts without feelings of guilt all tend to undermine that respect for Law in the abstract which is democracy's greatest bulwark.

Mr. Westwood does not invoke such general principles in his arguments for the repeal or modification of the laws concerned with homosexuality; he relies instead first of all on the disciplinary argument, indirectly derived from psychiatry, that it is not the homosexual's fault or wish that he has his unusual tastes, and therefore that people should not be punished for what is a disease, rather than a vice or crime; and secondly on the argument of numbers. Mr.



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Westwood has gleefully accepted Alfred Kinsey's most sensational figures and reproduces them, apparently without any knowledge of the criticisms of every sort to which this work has been subjected; he then transfers these figures from the U.S.A. to England, suggests that the numbers are probably higher over here, and then writes as if these assumptions were proved. Thus, he argues: 'It has now become clear that, in this country alone, thousands are continually wrestling with this difficulty [homosexuality] and millions have had more than a casual experience of these activities. The very frequency of it must sooner or later cause some alteration in the law. Any law which is so remote from the real habits of the people that it turns over a quarter of the male population into secret criminals cannot be said to be fitted to the needs and lives of the men it governs'.

This passage illustrates the many objections which must be taken to the book. The alleged facts are unproved, unprovable and highly improbable; even if they were true they would present no reasoned argument for the cause advocated (the same arguments could be advanced for theft, if every schoolboy's filching of an apple or soldier's scrounging be counted to enhance the percentage of thieves in the population); and they are likely to cause alarm and even panic in the minds of legislators and magistrates, rather than reasoned modifications of the law or its application.

Mr. Westwood is unreliable and partial in his use of sociological material, historical material, anthropological material, medical material and psychological material. (It is surprising to find a psychoanalyst of Dr. Edward Glover's abilities writing a preface to a book which suggests, *inter alia*, that paranoia is a resultant from abstinence from overt homosexual activity on the part of adults); he has some interesting, somewhat journalistic, chapters on homosexual groups in contemporary urban surroundings and has collected twenty short life histories mostly of young homosexuals. These sections, which seem to be based on first-hand research, are the only portions of the book which can be recommended without serious reserve; and yet the aim of the book as a whole is a praiseworthy one, even though, it is to be feared, it is not likely to bring the achievement of this aim appreciably nearer.

Queen Elizabeth

By Milton Waldman. Collins. 7s. 6d.

This is the latest in the admirable 'Brief Lives' series. It is a rollicking story, well told, of a girl brought up the hard way, who became Queen of England in dangerous circumstances and lived to see herself proclaimed the embodiment and guardian of her country's greatness. Shrewd and masterful like her father, she tended with meticulous care the sources of the nation's stability and strength. She was in partnership with the squirearchy, whom she encouraged to govern the land in her name, through their local proprietary rights and influence. She did not over-reach herself in her frequent crossness with Parliament, and the balance which she attained between the monarch and the House of Commons was not precarious as long as she lived.

Mr. Waldman commits the 30,000 words allotted to the writers in this series, to a character sketch of the heroine. This is not a study of the age. Little is said about the structure of English society, or about the new capitalism that challenged the customs of the previous generations. The English countryside in the sixteenth century experienced a measure of enclosure and unemployment, which, with the inflationary effect of the price revolution, placed severe tests on the social order. Another kind of discord was heralded by the influence of Calvinism within

the Church of England, which is only hinted at in this book. The hostility of traditional Ireland, and Elizabeth's relations with Scotland and France were further portents of the future. All these issues are considered only so far as is necessary to delineate clearly her character as a woman and as a sovereign.

Protestant nationalism, economic expansionism and the poetry of her writers thrived on the favour of the Queen. The daring of her seamen justified her confidence and enriched the imagination of her people. Having neither the power nor the wish to create a system of absolute monarchy, she relied on an appeal to the interests of those who served her. Her ingenuity and fierce will worked together, and she was rewarded by a national zest and devotion, which Mr. Waldman catches in his narrative. She spoke sincerely when, in her magnificent speech at Tilbury after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, she declared, 'I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects . . . I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a King, and of a King of England too . . .'.

The Triple Thinkers

By Edmund Wilson. Lehmann. 15s.

The present book is a republication, in a form extensively revised and rewritten, of a collection of nine essays first published in 1938, with the addition of three new ones. As a whole the collection may be taken as fairly representative of the range, character and limitations of their author's achievement in literary criticism. Mr. Wilson's writing is the child of omnivorous reading. As a critic he belongs to the line of Sainte-Beuve via Saintsbury, a tradition whose practice and principles are in many ways the opposite of the eclectic and exclusive line of thought which is represented in different ways by Matthew Arnold and T. S. Eliot. Mr. Wilson is shrewdly aware of the defects of the absolute and selective approach to literature. Inevitably he has not quite such an eagle eye for those of the circuitous and all-inclusive approach which is his own. The chief of these is that the point of criticism tends to disappear in a rush of generalities, and valuation is submerged in all the paraphernalia of evocation.

To this writer the angle of approach to his theme, the slant, is all-important. He edges round and round such figures as A. E. Housman, Shaw, Flaubert, describing them volubly from angle after angle without ever stepping up to make the personal valuation which, for the reader, might be a step forwards to the always ultimate verdict. He is at times like a bull-fighter who manoeuvres his theme all over the ring without attaining the moment of truth which would justify the manoeuvres. The latter involve generalities among which Mr. Wilson seems to have a special weakness for the plausible parallel, the confrontation of types so remote in time or style of presentation that they have never been confronted before. The intended effect is one of revelation. But the critic should distinguish between resemblances which are no more than coincidence and those which are truly functional. What, for example, is the point of producing parallel phrases from Flaubert and Virgil? They do not make Flaubert a Virgil, or vice versa, as Mr. Wilson seems to want to suggest. Again, the setting together of the opening of the 'Eve of St. Agnes' with certain lines from Pushkin can only convince the reader that they are both descriptions of winter. As far as the Keats quotation is concerned, a few lines from Thomson or Cowper would have done quite as well, though they would have involved the writer in a different comparison.

Along with the sweeping parallel goes the sweeping phrase, the *cliché*; for example, Mr. Eliot's 'uncanny gift' for integrating quotations into his poems. A moment's consideration would have shown that this particular gift of the poet's is, precisely, canny. Such objections would not be made if they did not apply to material reconsidered after a long interval. One can only wish that Mr. Wilson had rewritten these essays rather more. As an excursive critic, a sort of grand tourist of literature, he is usually best on the places of pilgrimage he has been to most often, though his out-of-the-way visits into American or Russian literature bring back trophies that are at least of curiosity value. His exploration of James' ambiguous motives as a story-teller, and of their source in James' own elusive, or evasive personality, is a permanent contribution to the subject, however one may disagree with some details. Equally permanent and new, is the essay on Ben Jonson, a writer as hard to approach as he is to neglect. In this essay psycho-analytical data, so often abused by the critic in more senses than one, are applied with caution and with convincing results. But the best essay in the volume, the one in which the writer's various gifts are most successfully fused, is that on 'Mr. More and the Mithraic Bull'. Part creative, part critical, part reminiscent, it is a perfect evocation of one significant, if not very fruitful, phase of American culture.

Vision and Technique in European Painting. By Brian Thomas.

Longmans. 18s.

In this book Mr. Brian Thomas has chosen to isolate and sub-divide the phenomenon known as 'style'. It has been done before, though perhaps not so briefly or with so ingenious an effect of neatness. His contention is that line, form, tone, and colour cover, between them, all the possible ways of visualising appearances. They can, of course, overlap, but they tend to cancel one another out. Now that they have been fully explored, what of the future? The future, one would think, is not hopeful, despite Mr. Thomas' attempt, in the last chapter, to strike an optimistic note. For his argument is that style is based on vision, vision on experience and further experience within his four categories is no longer possible. Moreover, there are no more categories awaiting discovery.

Such a conclusion is the inevitable result of attempting to isolate what cannot logically be isolated. Modes of seeing—admirably described by Mr. Thomas in what amounts to a compact history of European painting since Giotto—are not products of the will-to-see. They are, and always will be, products of the Spirit of the age. Thus, Caravaggio's 'tone-design' is not so much a result of the discovery that tone exists as a corollary to the emergent spirit of democracy.

Doubtless the author would reply to such a criticism that since he has written a history of style it is unreasonable to complain that he has not written a history of civilisation. But he could, without seriously increasing the bulk of the book, have introduced saving clauses here and there, reminding the reader that style is not an ingredient in painting but the outward manifestation of a state of mind, and that enlargements of vision, though unlikely in the future, are not necessarily the only causes for development of style.

None the less, the book is helpful and clarifying, especially when the author discusses technique. Being himself a practising painter he knows exactly how technique functions as a servant of style. His shrewd and penetrating remarks about the connections between the two are the most valuable part of this book.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

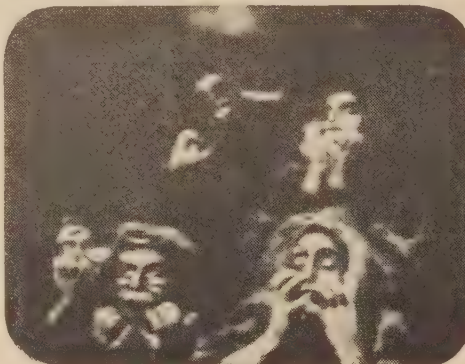
TELEVISION

German Gothic

'ARROW TO THE HEART' was aimed a little lopsided, but stuck fairly deep, which one cannot say of many television plays. Sound radio is probably better adapted for digesting novels than the television screen where we have one foot, if not in the grave, at least in the theatre, and expect some kind of unity of theme. There was unity of time and, within limits, unity of place, but the theme, which was the struggle in the soul of one of those 'good' Germans of whom we always seem to hear so much *after* the various German wars, might have been, thought I, more easily expounded by sound radio devices, interior monologue, drum beats, and private comments from the psyche (probably cast as Marjorie Westbury).

In this version by Rudolph Cartier we had to rely on Robert Harris who certainly has a great gift for communicating the inner torments of the humourless and heavy-hearted and was very fine and adequate up to a point (as we English ambiguously say) though he hardly looked like a German. Hair-cuts however, like language, are perhaps exempt from the charge of being unrealistic. Some of the officers and other ranks with whom our pastor had to deal were like those Germans one uniquely meets in English and American films, though no one actually said *Schweinhund!* The lovers who to strains of Wagner billed and cooed in the pastor's bedroom struck, I thought, a wrong note—of mincing rather than genuine German swooning. But the scenes with the condemned boy (Martin Starkie) drove hard at the heart and were often very moving. After the execution, the scenes at the airport and so on seemed anticlimactic, otiose and sometimes startlingly ill acted.

I hope I am not blinded by prejudice if I fail in this instance to match my colleagues' transports of delight. Frankly, I find these belated German *cas de conscience* somewhat trying. Albrecht Goes is not guilty of special pleading, specially. And there have been many fine results from the specifically German manner of self-examination, even if the result is sometimes no



Two scenes from Verdi's 'Macbeth' seen by viewers when the opera was televised at Glyndebourne: a part of the Witches' chorus and the final scene of the opera

John Cura

less foreseeable than that even a rose, if dissected lengthily enough, can smell as nasty as anything. But the solipsist attitude, the unspoken thought: 'We Germans feel it all so deeply, *ja*' detracts a little from my sympathy.

Another German offering—German although out of Shakespeare by the Italian Verdi—is the Glyndebourne 'Macbeth'. The impulse behind the wonderful pre-Hitlerian production by Ebert and Neher, of which Glyndebourne's is a replica, was the discovery that just as the crude rum-tum and animal agitation and strain and stress of Verdi's music at his period chimed with something equally elemental in Elizabethan melodrama, so, too, the grisly post-war Berlin UFA world of the German cinema could add to that marriage of moods. What we seemed to be seeing on the screen was occasionally like one of those tentative shockers of the silent cinema. Having expended superlatives on this production elsewhere, I now find myself in the position of having to say that going down to see the production provides an excitement which television did not transmit to us at home. It is of course a most uneven work; often not up to Donizetti, notably unpoetic where it comes to the supernatural and frequently failing altogether

to match Shakespeare at all. The sleep-walking scene is a thing of genius certainly; yet what a very long way we are from 'Otello' where one is tempted to feel that Verdi, turning opera's unique powers of ironic commentary to account, frequently seems to be going one better than Shakespeare himself.

However, one is 'bounced' by Lady Macbeth's *allegro vivo* and the entry of Duncan to a tune something like 'If you want to know the time ask a policeman', which are quite fun in their own light. It is Verdi's utter failure to make anything of the tension of the murder ('It was the owl that shrieked' etc.), of the waiting and watching, which so surprise us who know 'Otello' or 'Falstaff'. Actually one forgets about it when inside the little theatre at Glyndebourne. Carl Ebert tides over the defect. At a decent distance and in a penumbra, or not seen at all as in the greatly superior sound broadcast of the opera, the murderous Macbeth's colloquy successfully springs the imagination. But try



'Arms and the Man': Marcia Ashton as Raina and Laurence Payne as Captain Bluntschli



'Arrow to the Heart': Robert Harris as the Padre and Martin Starkie as Private Baranowski

poking the lens of the cameras within a foot of their faces as they wrangle and what do we see? Why, a sound and sensible dramatic soprano from Texas taking a rest between phrases and a chubby-cheeked baritone from Zurich offering a minimum of histrionics. Without colour, and with such tension as had been gathered, carefully dispersed by a narrator every so often, the murderous pair looked about as dramatic as a cook-housekeeper and butler at a holiday camp costume ball. Similarly the big barrel organ finale to the act where Ebert has had the brilliant notion of suddenly stilling the riot in the castle courtyard and 'styling' the entire company—a most striking device in the theatre—the television camera travelling anxiously over the serried ranks of plain faces reminded one only of searching for a face in the whole-school photograph on the last day of term at St. Winifred's. All the same, the music came through well. In the intervals one saw oneself cavorting about in the Glyndebourne gardens, which was gratifying.

'Arms and the Man' went amusingly. Marcia Ashton (Raina), Laurence Payne (Bluntschli) and Peter Copley (Sergius) had all the right ideas. A good account was given.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

BROADCAST DRAMA

In the Witness Box

LISTENERS TO RADIO DRAMA should be also a cloud of witnesses. It was a prime merit of Archie Campbell's production of 'The Return of the Prodigal' (Third) that, from the moment Hankin's play opened, we could visualise Chedleigh Court in Gloucestershire, beginning with the drawing-room ('There are plants in the fireplace, as it is summer, and that is the Jacksons' conception of the proper way to adorn a fireplace and a suitable place for growing plants'). The cast, led by Robert Eddison whose voice is increasingly flexible, peopled the Edwardian scene without flurry; and no vocal mannerism smudged Hankin's dialogue. His play represents, more truly than the recent Maeterlinck, the programme of the Court Theatre at its zenith. Although treated sniffily when revived in London less than four years ago, the 'Prodigal' should outlive many comedies over-lauded. It has a quick, lively tingle; every scene is aerated; the wit (unlike much in the more fashionable Wilde, the 'Importance' excepted) does not go flat with age.

This comedy is about a prodigal son who will not behave according to precedent. When Eustace, who has been most things from liner-steward to driver of a cable-car in San Francisco, returns home to Chedleigh in defiance of convention ('People in the Colonies always do write for money', says Lady Faringford) there is no thought of redemption or repentance. He merely punctures the pomposity of father and brother, and leaves again with the promise of a useful income. (Wisely, Howieson Cuff, the adapter, did not bring the finances up to date; Hankin remained Edwardian in all details.) The tang of the 'Prodigal' is in its wit, carefully in character: Hankin was cautious of the detachable epigram. The radio cast enjoyed itself, with Gladys Young under sail as that full-rigged Edwardian, Lady Faringford; Rachel Kempson very sympathetic as the stay-at-home daughter whom life is passing by; and Robert Eddison able to fill out every speech in that gay, buoyant voice with its variety of intonation. We could watch Eustace from his first triumphant entry to the jaunty exit ('Make it three hundred, Father, and I won't write').

Witnesses (in another sense) had a Home Service programme to themselves: another of

the Jenifer Wayne features on the working of the law, but not this time an especially successful one. A straight talk would have been far more impressive (and helpful) than an oddly facetious effort that divided our minds between the interest of the subject and the slightness of the fictional frame. Although there was some enthusiastic speaking, and James McKechnie acted, in effect, as counsel for us all, a programme that should have illuminated turned us at length to a clouded exasperation.

Even if, by trying mischance, I had to lose some of Peter Watts' revival of 'Twelfth Night' (Home), I heard enough to know that we were in the May morning of Illyria and not in some tricky imitation. Orsino (William Fox) set the note; and it was wise to cast for Viola an actress of Joan Hart's sensibility, and for Malvolio an actor with the vocal readiness of Leo McKern. Here we were genuinely witnesses, not listeners to a routine classical run-through. Marius Goring, whom I recall as an uncommon stage Feste (a part well done on the air by John Glen) kept the mind racing and chasing as a murderer, a 'gloating, eager spider', in a revival of Donald McWhinnie's radio version of T. H. White's 'Darkness at Pemberley' (Home). This is a thriller nicely designed for radio, with its helter-skelter across the Midlands and its scuffling round roof and chimney. I shall take a tip from the dramatist and never stir again without a special penknife-pocket at the back of the coat.

'No Name' (Home) moves on quietly, very quietly. Still, when Flora Robson (as Mrs. Lecount, the housekeeper) holds anyone in 'the hollow of her hand', we can expect something later: Miss Robson can usually make us see. From a moderate 'Music-Hall' (Home) I choose Billy Russell and his meditative four-ale manner: he likes to tell a story, at his own pace, to a cloud of witnesses who never intrude to ask him silly questions. Ripeness is nearly all; but we could have done with a stronger script.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Ancient Tales

WE TWENTIETH-CENTURY PEOPLE are inclined to regard ourselves as sophisticated and disillusioned, despite the fact that a folk tale, a fairy story, or some medieval concoction whose substance is incredible and whose ending is a foregone conclusion from the start, never fails to explode this flattering delusion. For most of us in our heart of hearts love the flights of an irresponsible fancy, and the more miraculous and impossible, the better. And so I confess without shame that the titles of three programmes—'Tales of the Seven Sages of Rome', 'Fairy Faith', and 'The Golden Ass'—stirred me to a childlike, or, if you like, childish excitement. The first of these, a series of tales 'embedded', as the *Radio Times* neatly puts it, 'in one master-story, like *The Arabian Nights*', is found in no less than eighteen languages. The version heard last week was a translation by W. M. Merchant from the medieval Welsh. The Roman emperor Diocletian, so it tells us (although Roman History is silent on the point), decreed that his son should be nurtured by the Seven Sages of Rome in a house built for the purpose on the banks of the Tiber. Now the Emperor married a young wife who fell in love with his son, was very properly repulsed by him, and in revenge resolved, like Phaedra before her, that he should die. Accordingly she told the Emperor a libellous story about the young man and the Emperor pronounced his doom. Thereupon the first of the Seven Sages arose and, employing an ingenious simile, exonerated him. The Empress retorted with equal ingenuity and the process continued,

each Sage playing his part. Finally the young man joined in and virtue triumphed.

The stories are brief, simple, hardly, one would have thought, worth the attention of a sophisticated adult, and yet I listened in innocent absorption for a solid hour. It was beautifully done. Robert Harris as narrator, Jill Balcon as the Empress, and the representatives of the Sages played their parts perfectly and the brief and unobtrusive phrases of the hero and the minstrel's harp which divided story from story were perfectly in accord with the spirit of the whole.

'Fairy Faith', a recording in five programmes of broadcasts in the Northern Ireland Home Service, tells of fairy beliefs discovered by Michael Murphy in Northern Ireland. The first programme dealt with 'The Origin of the Fairy Race'. It consisted of recordings of stories and reminiscences told by countryfolk and linked together by a running commentary. But, alas, most of the recordings spoke a dialect which totally defeated me and I can hardly doubt that most English listeners shared my disability. This is not, of course, a criticism of the substance of the broadcast; merely of its suitability for English ears. But several of the speakers laid themselves open to another criticism: they told their stories with such extreme hesitancy that I was tortured by a sympathetic anxiety. No doubt the recordings provide valuable documentary evidence for a living faith in fairies, but would it not be better, in these cases, to have their stories given verbatim by a more confident speaker? Perhaps in future programmes I shall become more proficient in the dialect. I hope so, because their theme is a fascinating one for anybody interested in folklore.

The third broadcast, an episode from *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius, turned out to be a dramatised version by Louis MacNeice and so falls outside my province. However, I listened unofficially until forced to switch off because of its extreme noisiness. The shouting and the braying made it impossible for me to catch much of the dialogue. Was this bad reception, or bad production? Lord Russell's 'Sidney and Beatrice Webb', the last of his 'Portraits from Memory', was a dazzling display of trenchant and concentrated wit and a lifelike portrait-sketch into the bargain.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Tristanalising

HOW WE DO GET ABOUT the world in our arm-chairs! To King's Lynn one night for the mellow profundities of Vaughan Williams' Fifth Symphony admirably played by the L.S.O. under Barbirolli; to Aix-en-Provence the next for Gluck's 'Iphigénie en Tauride'; and earlier in the week half-way to Bayreuth for a performance of 'Tristan and the Technical Hitch'.

What an exasperating evening that was! One could make out through the fadings and distortions that a fine—I won't use superlatives—performance was going on in the Festspielhaus, which would have been well worth the time spent on it, as any good performance of 'Tristan' always is, if only for the sake of the fresh lights and new shades that one perceives in this inexhaustible score—subtleties that are more readily taken in when the opera is heard on the air without the distractions of the singers' (usually) all too ample presence. Does Wagner stir in his grave as I pen this heretical sentence? *Requiescat!* I do not suggest that 'Tristan' is best heard at home, but merely that of all operas it is perhaps the one that gains most and loses least in a broadcast.

But it must be a good broadcast, not a thing of shreds and hitches, with occasional complete

lapses necessitating the substitution of a gramophone recording. It is surely giving hostages to fortune to rely on picking up a broadcast—I gather it was not a relay by land-line—from the other side of Europe during the evening hours when signals are most vulnerable. It was the second act that suffered most; the third came over well, improving as night came on. Even earlier the clouds parted now and again; there was a miraculous patch of blue sky while Brangäne sang from her tower. It was these occasional clearances that kept one listening, tantalised.

And the performance? Martha Mödl's declamation was excellent; her singing not always so, for too often she scooped up to her top notes. When she did attack cleanly, the result was so beautiful that it is hard to under-

stand why she does not make a rule of it. Ramon Vinay sounded as if he were a better Tristan than most. Unhappily one could not judge the quality of his voice in the more lyrical scenes, but one could make out that he completely missed the blank despair in the cold light of dawn (*'Der öde Tag zum letzten Mal!'*). Ira Malaniuk's Brangäne was excellent after a weak start and Hans Hotter gave gruff Alsatian barks by way of portraying dog-like devotion.

From Aix 'Iphigénie' came over without let or hindrance. I wish I could praise the performance, in which only Orestes and Pylades sang with any distinction. Patricia Neway's Iphigénie merely proved (if proof were necessary) that the high-pressure tone which will 'sell' Menotti to an impressionable audience won't do for Gluck. The singer appeared to have no command of

mezza voce, nor of the right declamatory style for the recitative. The conductor seemed to think that the main thing required was speed and often hustled the statuesque Gluck off his feet. Still, it was good to hear even a deficient performance of this masterpiece, but I should not have been pleased had I journeyed to Aix and paid for my seat.

'Anna Kraus'—a libretto full of *clichés* with an improbable central incident (surely the Pole would boast of having done in some Nazis, not their victims) set to music in the style of 'Albert Herring', but without the felicities of detail, is the B.B.C.'s entry for the Italia Prize. Perhaps the jury won't notice the *clichés*, will overlook the improbability in view of the topicality, and will like the modish score.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Schubert and the Mass

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Schubert's Mass in E flat will be broadcast at 9.35 p.m. on Friday, August 8 (Third Programme)

'WHAT would St. Augustine have said', asks Robert Bridges in one of his essays on musical subjects, 'could he have heard Mozart's Requiem or been present at some Roman Catholic Cathedral where an eighteenth-century mass was performed, a woman hired from the Opera-House whooping the Benedictus from the Western Gallery?' If one can imagine the emotional saint projected so far forward in time it is possible that he might have wept as copiously and happily as he did when he listened to hymns and psalms at Milan and was 'touched to the very quick by the notes of thy Church so sweetly singing'.

Reflecting, however, on how much the singing at Milan had moved him, St. Augustine confessed to feeling that his mind was kindled to more ardent devotion when the words were sung than when they were not (because, he says, we have 'a kind of sympathy with the voice in singing') and this troubled his conscience. He fluctuates, he says, between 'the peril of sensuous pleasure and the proof of wholesomeness': and in this anxious chapter of the Confessions (Book X, 33) he reaches the conclusion that the custom of singing in the Church may be approved so that 'the weaker sort of minds may rise up into some feeling of devotion'. For himself, if he is more stirred by the sound than by the sense, he confesses he has sinned therein. 'And then I wish that I had rather not heard the music'.

St. Augustine's words, at their face value, might be taken (if we refer them to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries) to sanction the liturgical use of the 'Viennese Masses' for 'the weaker sort of minds'; and indeed, in spite of Papal Bulls and Conciliar Decrees, these Masses continue to be sung today in many Catholic churches.

The non-observance of the laws governing church music does not mean, however, that the Church is wrong. Far from it. The sincerity and, often, the great beauty of the Masses of Mozart, Haydn, and Schubert are not in question, and need no apologists; but writers on these works all too rarely show any understanding what the Mass is in itself, and keep their gaze firmly fixed on the organ loft, not on the altar. They are, therefore, in a state of confusion about the meaning of 'liturgical', which they interpret either too liberally or in too restricted a sense.

A Decree of the Sacred Congregation of

Rites, in 1894, laid it down that 'every piece in which words are found to be omitted, deprived of their meaning, or indiscreetly repeated, is forbidden': and also, 'it is forbidden to break up into pieces, completely detached, the versicles which are necessarily inter-connected'. The reason for such strict pronouncements is that the problems involved in setting the text of the Ordinary of the Mass to music are not purely musical.

The congregation, to begin with, is not an audience at a concert, and aesthetic experience for its own sake does not enter into the matter: nor should the music heard (which ought to be the best of its kind) be in anything but an ancillary position. If it is there, as has been said, in a threefold capacity: 'to minister to the liturgical action and its words: to foster the disposition of adoration and self-offering: and to enable the people, as far as possible, to take their part in the corporate sacrifice'.

It is against this background that Schubert's (or anyone's) Masses must be measured. Schubert inherited, from Haydn and Mozart, the 'choral symphony' type of Mass setting, and also the dire results of the interference of the Sacristan Emperor, Joseph II, in liturgical and theological matters. In his *Histoire du Mouvement Liturgique*, Dom Olivier Rousseau writes: 'In the eighteenth century . . . the idea of the Incarnation was emptied of meaning . . . there was no understanding of the past or of early Christianity, no true notion of the Church; there was a complete disintegration of the Christian idea into a state ecclesiastical administration'.

It was not in Schubert to rise above the spiritual tepidity engendered by the period of the 'Enlightenment', and it is not surprising that his Masses are more full of humanitarianism than of specifically Christian religious feeling. The *Domine Deus*, *Agnus Dei* sentences in the Gloria and the *Agnus Dei* itself almost invariably draw from him his most deeply felt music, although his sprightly settings of the third *Agnus Dei* (trivial to a degree in the C major Mass) show little realisation of the inner meaning of the word *pax*. In his E flat Mass, composed in 1828, the last year of his life, he is suddenly touched by this word, as we shall see, to a finer issue. It is in this Mass that Schubert, after a quiet close in B flat, accompanies the singing of *Domine Deus*, *Agnus Dei*, with a loud and sombre phrase on the trombones, an effect which he parallels and intensifies in

the *Agnus Dei*. Such writing is not indeed *theatricali more et scenico strepitu* (to quote Benedict XIV) but this impulsive outburst is far removed from the 'heavenly' impersonality and inner calm of the true liturgical style.

One does not want, when worshipping, to be hit in the face with the religious sensibility of Mr. So-and-So (as Maritain says); but if Schubert does not assault us dramatically in the above passage, the shout of *tu*, on a diminished seventh chord (*tu solus altissimus tu*) in the Gloria of the A flat Mass, at the point where the liturgy requires the words *Jesu Christe* and a reverence to the altar, does sound like a purely theatrical stroke. His settings of *Et incarnatus est* are no more than amiab'le, except in the A flat Mass, and his tuneful settings of Benedictus show no awareness that this is the first piece of post-Consecration music.

Purely musical, that is symphonic, considerations account for a lot of Schubert's repetitions, omissions and scramblings of the text. He is consistent only in omitting from all his Masses the clause expressing belief in the Church (there is a precedent for this, had he known, in the English Masses from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries) and virtually consistent in promulgating, by a telescopic process, the strange doctrine, *Confiteor unum baptismam in remissionem peccatorum [et expecto resurrectionem] mortuorum*: the words in brackets being left out in all but his first Mass in F major.

For the rest Schubert shows clearly, by his lack of consistency, that words were to be omitted or repeated in obedience to the demands of the musical phrase. One instance will suffice. In the *Agnus Dei* of the A flat Mass, the words *qui tollis peccata mundi* are left out in the third petition in deference to the cadence planned on the opening words. The fine 'Doppelgänger'-like theme of the *Agnus Dei* of the E flat Mass (composed before the song) is, on the other hand, brought into the final petition just in time to prevent a conventional ending: and the solemn *dona nobis pacem* coda leaves us with the feeling that at last Schubert has understood something of the interior significance of these words.

Although the liturgical objections raised above may not be valid in a concert hall performance, the musical ones are, and true lovers of Schubert must regret the spasmodic quality of his inspiration in the Masses and the duality of style that robs him of his individuality.

For the Housewife

How To Dry Vegetables

By ANNE BEATON

DRYING vegetables has a great many advantages: no expensive apparatus is required, and the vegetables are absolutely safe to use. All you have done is to remove eighty per cent. of the moisture and when you want to use the vegetables in due course you replace it. In this country, unfortunately, there is not enough continuous sunshine to dry vegetables, so we have to resort to heat. Fruit and vegetables can be dried in anything from three to six hours.

How can you tell when they are done? It is quite simple. In the case of fruits—such as plums, for example—when you squeeze them they should produce no moisture. If you have cut apples into rings and are drying them on long sticks they should have a springy, wash-leather sort of texture. Beans and peas when cut open should show no trace of moisture.

All you need in the way of equipment for drying is a series of trays, covered by cheese cloth, which will fit into your oven. Wire cake racks will do, or you can make racks yourself by clipping fine-meshed, wire netting and bending the edges over. Free circulation of warm, dry air is the chief thing to aim at.

Vegetables, of course, must be young and fresh and in good, sound condition. The ones you will probably want to dry will be peas, beans, and runner beans which you string and slice. They will require blanching first, and this can be done by steaming or boiling. I

think the latter is simpler, as it takes less time.

For blanching, the best plan is to have bags made of cheese-cloth and put your different vegetables into these. Prepare a large pan of boiling, salted water (one teaspoon of salt to a quart) drop the bags into this, and as the temperature will have been lowered, bring up to boiling point again and cook for two to three minutes. Have ready several dry, absorbent cloths spread out on the table; drain the bags over the pan a moment or two, then empty the vegetables carefully on to the cloths, and dry. When done, place on the wire trays, which you have already prepared and covered with cheese cloth.

The oven should be about 120° Fahrenheit and the heat very gradually increased after an hour to 140° Fahrenheit, which is the ideal drying temperature, and can be achieved by leaving the oven door slightly open. Turn the trays round at intervals to ensure that the vegetables are drying evenly.

When you think they should be done, test, cool, and condition. By this I mean spread them out in a cool place, covered by muslin to prevent dust or flies, for twelve hours, turning them over at intervals.

Storing is done by placing the dried vegetables in any air-tight containers you may have, such as clean tins with well-fitting lids, screw-topped jars, or jam jars—but these latter will have to have either bladder or treble paper covers. It is

a good plan, if using tins, to put a piece of greaseproof paper under the lid when you fix it on to ensure their being absolutely air-tight. Keep them in a warm, dark, dry cupboard.

When it comes to using them, soak from twelve to thirty-six hours and proceed as with fresh vegetables, but use the same water to cook them in as you have soaked them in, adding salt and seasoning, of course.

Notes on Contributors

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DR. S. M. MANTON, F.R.S. (page 165): Reader in Zoology, King's College, London University; author of *The Soviet Union Today*

PAUL BAREAU (page 168): deputy city editor of the *News Chronicle*

COLIN LEGUM (page 173): on the staff of *The Observer*; co-author of *Attitude to Africa*

DR. I. S. BOWEN (page 184): Director of Mount Wilson Observatory, Pasadena, California, since 1946, and of Palomar Observatory, California, since 1948

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Crossword No. 1,161.

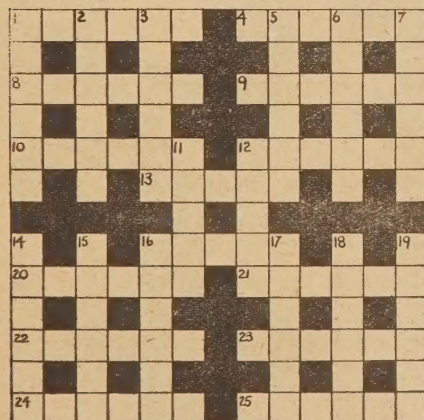
Idle Thoughts.

By Vectis

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, August 7

Have you ever, when having nothing particular to think about, found your mind doodling, perhaps composing nonsensical rhymes? That is the basis of this puzzle. Each of the couplets contains an anagram of a fictional character, and every character is from the pen of the same writer. The remaining clues are ordinary cryptic clues. Punctuation occurring in the clues at the relevant points is to be ignored.



CLUES—ACROSS

1. What is your recipe for long life, O' Uncle?—tho' old you seem so young.
In my youth I never smoked, drank or danced, lad, but, alas, I never had fun! (6)
4. Of all the beasts kept as pets by beggar or by royalty, There is no better friend for man—a dog for dogged loyalty! (6)
8. 'Come into the garden, Maud' in alto voice I call.
Soon my true love will appear o'er yon garden wall (6)
9. Have you heard a crow caw, son? Aye lad, caw all day.
It is an unearthly row, son—'tis the devil himself, they say (6)
10. Birds that come from the North and America (6)
12. Our cuckoo clock has run amok—I think a cog has stuck—
On every hour it warbles 'coo'—at every half-hour 'cuck' (6)
13. A vegetable and five upset becomes a vegetable (5)
16. A fish is upset about nothing but a fish (5)
20. Our babe is a tartar—a bonnie wee tot . . .
Her favourite trick's to fall out of her cot (6)
21. Jack Sprat would not eat fat, he would not eat the lean.
He was a vegetarian—that is clearly seen (6)
22. Shout before turning to a wagon (6)
23. Tho' I am frail and seem so weak, my strength is most deceiving.
I can hoist a mighty weight with an ease that is unbelieve (6)
24. Hush, my babe, sleep. The day has nearly gone.
Angels will watch o'er you. Sleepy boy, rest on (6)
25. My lady is as dainty as sunshine after a shower.
No, can her eyes nor her lips be likened but by a flower (6)

DOWN

1. The trombonist puffed and panted—the pride o' village band—
A wee boy stood before him with a lemon in his hand (6)
2. I battle with the mud and weeds and somehow keep the weeds at bay.
Try as I may to tidy up, in the end mud wins the day (6)
3. The Druid cult is, so I'm told, still practised in some place—
In lion skins they prance about and paint woad on their faces (6)
5. Fodder inclined to become insensibility (6)

6. We bought a cat and soon our house was rid of mice and rats.
Alas, the cat was not a he and now we're plagued with cats (6)
7. Oh, drat this cursed fountain-pen! Now I've got a blot.
At one time it wrote perfectly, but now it just will not (6)
11. To relish, and a native of 13A is twenty-four hours short (5)
12. A link (5)
14. Dark or fair, poor or rich, no matter what you do,
If eyes of blue say you're the one, it's wedding bells for you (6)
15. Our Ted, 'e is a brainy lad; at school 'e's top o' class.
'E takes a pride o' learning—exams 'e's sure to pass (6)
16. I am so very squeamish; snails I just abhor.
I can't stand snakes or mice or ants or even blood or gore (6)
17. For this object, nothing's changed there (6)
18. The Iron Age, the Ice Age, the age of Dane and Saxon . . .
The one age that intrigues me most was the age of knight and dragon (6)
19. A moan, a groan, a creak, a squeak, a tread upon the stair . . .
'Tis but our family ghostie come to give us all a scare (6)

Solution of No. 1,159

B	R	O	O	K	E	B	R	E	T	O	N
R	A	T	H	E	P	U	R	S	O	N	O
O	L	I	A	W	I	L	D	E	O	R	
N	A	C	R	E	T	L	M	E	R	I	T
T	S	N	A	S	H	A	L	O	L	O	
E	S	O	R	T	E	N	N	Y	S	O	N
R	O	S	S	E	T	T	I	K	I	S	
O	C	E	A	V	S	E	L	B	E	K	P
R	O	S	S	E	C	R	R	A	M	I	E
E	A	R	H	A	R	N	S	T	O	R	
R	T	H	E	T	A	A	M	O	O	R	E
S	I	D	N	E	Y	A	N	D	O	R	

NOTES

The titles of the poems used are: Across: 1. 'The Soldier', 5. 'A Sweet Pastoral', 12. 'Requiescat', 13. 'Old Age', 17. 'Spring', 19. 'To the Rose', 20. 'Oznoe', 21. 'The Portrait', 23. 'An Elegy', 30. 'The Fear of Death', 34. 'The Stream's Secret', 36. 'O Earlier shall the Rosebuds Bow', 38. 'She is far from the Land', 39. 'Philomela', 40. 'To Youth', 41. 'Down', 42. 'Last L...', 3. 'A Faun in Wall Street', 5. 'Audley Court', 6. See SA, 7. 'Where it is Winter', 8. 'I do not love thee', 15. 'The Gifts of God', 21. 'A Wish', 22. 'The Eve of St. Agnes', 25. 'A Note from the Pipes', 27. 'Ulalume', 29. 'Life', 31. 'Ode on the Spring', 33. 'A Poet of one Mood'.

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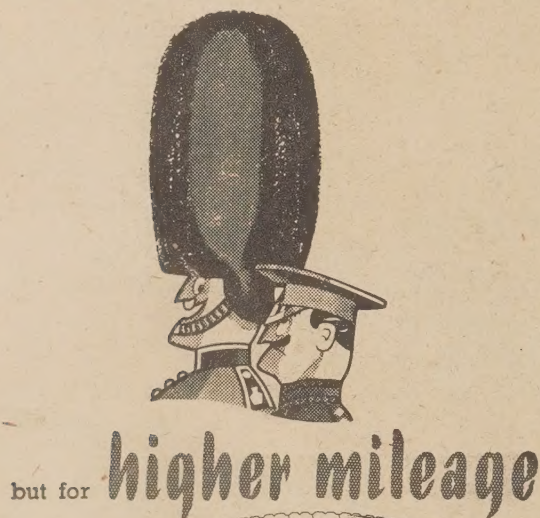
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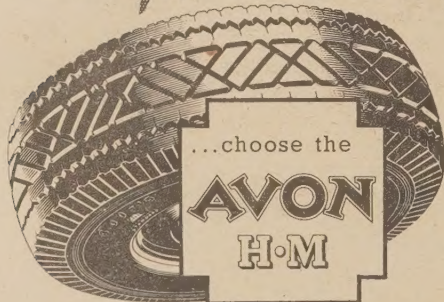
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